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Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thou art young and gay and fair,
Sister mine,
In thine eye the lights of joy
Sweetly shine,
Airy free thy bounding step
As summer fay,
Musical thy sportive laugh
Ringing gay.

Bright the dreams that haunt thee now,
Sister mine,
Sweet the visioned hopes that thrill
That heart of thine,
Childhood's kind and happy home
Blessed seems,
But another, yet to be,
Fairer gleams.

One is standing by thy side,
Sister mine,
One to cherish and to guide,
Ever thine;
Fondly beams thy lifted eye,
Not alone,
For a love that cannot die
Meets thy own.

Blessings strew thy path for aye,
Sister mine,
Flowers of hope around thy brow
Ever twine;
Love as pure and true and warm
Cheer thy heart,
As we feel from whom ere long
Thou must part.

Lightly thou wilt not forget,
Sister mine,
When fond eyes with parting wet
Tearful shine,
The sweet hours of trusting love
We have known,
Who from childhood, mind and heart,
Have kindred grown.

Ever may we be as now,
Sister mine,
Still the same confiding glow
Burn and shine,
Though our lives may not be linked
As of yore,
Sister dear, our love will live
Evermore. IDA.

Original Tales.

THE ODD FELLOW'S CHAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HENRY MORFORD.

Sitting one night with one of my oldest and best friends in his "sanctum sanctorum," a bachelor's bedroom, well and tastefully fitted up, by the way, in the search for a wafer for a letter we had been concocting together, I accidentally took out an Odd Fellow's chain, of beautiful workmanship, the three links of gold splendidly chased and set as a breastpin, which I remembered had been worn by my bachelor friend years ago, but never of late. I expressed my surprise that so beautiful a jewel had been cast aside for a much commoner ornament, especially as I knew Jack H——— to be a leading member of the Odd Fellow's order. In reply to my question, my friend being in a talkative humor, told me the following, which I have taken the pains to preserve on paper, for your use and my own.

JACK H———'S REASON.

"Imprimis, Harry, I am engaged to be married."

"No news, Jack, I have known that as long as you have, almost—and your wife, that is to be, dislikes Odd Fellows, does she?"

"Not a bit of it—if she did, she would not like me, for I am one heart and soul. But the reason of my laying by that little jewel, pretty as it is, is connected with the circumstance nevertheless, as follows:—and now, preparatory, the very moment you begin to laugh at me for superstition as usual, I shall stop talking."

I promised to keep a sober face, let what would come.

"Seven years ago, when you and I had just ripened our boyish intimacy into manhood's friendship, you know that I spent some months, for the first time, in New York. Sometime before that however, you know, perhaps, that I had grown intimate with one who used to be a schoolmate of ours under old Ballou's ruler in the Church School House. You remember Walter Raymond. You know he was handsome, and rather distinguished in his appearance. Although from something of a scornful habit, he was no favorite with the majority of the school, he was with me, and as we grew up we became very intimate. While we lived together in the country, he was the companion of most of my leisure hours—and in fact, the only friend near me who cared for my favorite authors, or with whom I could talk of them.

"Raymond had been some time in New York, and a constant correspondent of mine for three years, when he introduced to me, by letter, Charles Lyon, otherwise and always 'Charley Lyon,' a fine frank-hearted fellow by the way. Walter's introduction was accompanied by a short note from Lyon, and we became from that time frequent correspondents.

"Six months afterward, in company with Raymond, I called on Lyon, in W——— street, and was even better pleased with him than his letters had led me to hope. He was a small but firmly built and active young man, about my own age, and about as full of life and frolic as myself, with a curly head and a fine blue eye, that was the very opposite of Walter Raymond's dark face and proud look, as it was of my own heavy physiognomy. We were the best of friends, however, all three of us, and from that time forward there was no visit of mine to the city, that did not find the trio together.

"We discussed politics together, wrote together, and even composed articles in partnership for the periodicals, and in short when we could be so, were inseparable. We joined the Odd Fellows together, and immediately following that occasion, assumed the triple chain of the Odd Fellows as the society's arms in general, and our own in particular, personating in our frolicsome way the three names of the order 'Friendship, Love and Truth.' I need not tell you that our breastpins were made alike, and that the one you saw is one of them. In short, the best of my feelings of friendship were enlisted in behalf of my companions. It was, I remember, one of our standing promises, that each should play groomsman for the other whenever or wherever called upon.

"I was called to attend the wedding of Walter Raymond in the summer of 184–, and he introduced me to his bride elect the last day of his single life. Walter was always fond of effect, and I saw plainly that he intended to impress me strongly with the beautiful girl he had won. When she entered the room, leaning on his arm, with the affectionate reliance of a dawning bride, it was difficult for me to answer the introduction with composure. She was small, almost *petite* in figure, but rounded and finished in the most graceful and beautiful mould of woman's form, with that fine erect look of throat and head that I have looked for so often and found so seldom. I have never yet seen the form that filled my idea so well. Brown hair, plainly braided, but full and luxuriant, soft hazel eyes, and features not chiselled but moulded into a painter's dream, with one sweet dimple in the chin—and I have told you all I can tell of her looks—but I confess that I looked on her with nearly boundless admiration. My turn had not come yet, and Charley Lyon was groomsman, and I knew in more than one way that the fair girl that leaned on *his* arm was destined to be a bride before another year. Walter Raymond was married, and a bright and glorious heart seemed melting into his in the 'three days after marriage' passed in my company.

"Sunshine so far. I passed a glorious day with Walter Raymond and lady the next new year, and on that evening accompanied Lyon to see his lady love once more. She looked as before, not beautiful, but fine and noble. There was a firm yet sweet expression in the lip, and a warm glance in her eye that promised more than mere outward beauty, and I knew not as I left them together that night, which most to envy, Raymond with his beautiful bride in the first year of wedded life, or Charley Lyon, in the 'halcyon hours' of courtship, with that glorious woman by his side. Six months from that day I was to be present as groomsman at Charley's marriage.

"Six months from that day Charley Lyon lay on a sick bed, bereft of fortune and almost of friends, ruined in health and reputation, and so hopeless and degraded by dissipation, that even his true hearted girl gave him up and would hold no more communication with him. And one year from my pleasant New Year in New York, Walter Raymond's beautiful wife eloped with a foreign adventurer and took passage to Europe.

"I cannot wear the three links of the Odd Fellows chain, for, you may call it superstition if you will, I looked upon the three friends as their personation. Two of the three have met with the fate I have told you, and I am the third. I never look at it when alone without a presentiment creeping over me, that sooner or later if I were to wear it, in some way or other, in something connected with the sweet girl to whom I owe my hand and heart, I should share in the fate of my two unhappy friends."

Original Sketch.

TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

(Transcribed for the Saturday Evening Post from the Journal of the wife of a Western Physician.)

My poor journal! it has been sadly neglected of late, indeed I have very little time for writing at this season of the year, and yet I much wish to continue my journal at this time, for I have often thought it would be both interesting and amusing in after years, to look over the events of even one week during the sickly season. My husband is constantly engaged visiting the sick, and I remain at home to answer calls, for if the Doctor cannot be found they *must* see his *wife*, thinking, poor souls, that I must know something about medicine, and understand their case in particular. Now the fact is I know less about it than almost any other person, as I always depend on my husband to give every particle of medicine taken in the family, and therefore I never charge my memory with it,—and as to knowing the particulars of any case he may have on hand, I do not; for he is so little at home, that when we do have a few moments to converse, he is glad to drop the "Doctor," and I have a thousand things to say on other subjects. However, I get along pretty well, and "lend a listening ear" to all their complaints.

The greatest difficulty I have, is to know one person from another, without just asking their names; for I am expected to know every one of his patients, yes, and all their families, as well as the Doctor himself. I will now give the events of this day.

August 10, 18—.

The first sound I heard this morning after breakfast was

"Hee-loo, he loo'o, the house."

"Run to the door, Dolly, and see what is the matter."

"A boy, ma'am, wants the Doctor."

"Tell him the Doctor will be at home by noon."

"He says he must see you, ma'am."

"Well, tell him to walk in."

"He says he can't leave his horse, caze he's wild and won't stay hitched."

"Oh well, hand me my sun bonnet and I will go to the gate."

"He hain't at the gate, ma'am."

"Why, where is he?"

"At tother side of the lot—his horse is afeard of the gate posts."

So away I trudged through the wet grass to get to the boy who will not come to me.

"What do you wish with the Doctor, my good boy?" said I to the ragged, dirtiest, and ugliest urchin I ever beheld.

"Nothin, only Pap told me to leave this here vial here. He's used up all the stuff that were in it, and don't want any more, but he said as how the Doctor might want his bottle."

* * * * *

At noon the rain was pouring down in torrents, my poor husband came home wet, tired, and hungry. He was met at the gate by a man with his hand in a sling. They came in together,—the Doctor stopped in the hall to take off his overcoat and boots, not so the stranger, he walked straight into the parlor with his muddy shoes, and seats himself in my easy chair, with the water dripping from his dirty clothes on to the carpet. I had been endeavoring to keep the dinner warm for an hour, none of us had dined, the victuals were now all on the table, and the fire was almost put out with the rain, we all felt that if we would have a warm dinner, we must eat it immediately.

"Doctor Boggs, I want you to do something for my finger, it pains me dreadfully, and I can't stand it much longer."

"Ah, indeed, it is very much swollen, if you will excuse me for a few minutes until I eat my dinner, I will then see what can be done for it."

"Oh, Doctor, I cannot wait a single moment, I can't *stand it*."

"Very well, I will open it if you wish, before I dine."

"Open it! Why, Doctor, you're not a going to cut it open, are you?"

"Certainly, it is the only way you can get relief."

"I can't stand it, Doctor, indeed I can't."

And up he jumps, paces the room, leaving his foot prints all over the carpet. My husband thought of his fast cooling dinner, and said:

"Well, sir, perhaps you will walk out and take some dinner with me? we will let the finger rest awhile."

"Rest! Why it never rests,—do you think I could eat anything while this pain lasts?"

"Well, then, let me attend to it at once."

"How! by cutting it open? Can't you ease it in some other way?"

"Nothing else will do it much good, I assure you."

"Did you *ever* cut one open, Doctor,—did any person *ever stand it?*"

"Oh yes, many a one, and often ladies, they never made half the fuss you do."

"But, Doctor, just see it. You have not half looked at it, now how could you do it. Where could you cut without striking the bone?"

"Just let me try it, and you will see."

"It is no use, Doctor, I know I can't *stand it*, so pray don't talk of it. Oh, dear, dear, it is awful."

And down he sinks on the sofa, hand and all,—he will neither dine with us, nor let us dine without him; he does not wish to leave without getting some relief, and yet he will not let the Doctor open it; so after spending a full hour, all the time mourning his inability to "*stand it*," he asked me to make him a warm poultice, and get him some clean linen to do it up, and then took his departure, still muttering to himself as he passed out of the gate "I can't *stand it*."

Truly, a profitable and pleasant patient.

I was sitting alone this afternoon after my husband had started on his usual round, when a man drove up in a wagon. I hastened out to hear his business.

"Air you the Doctor's wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you want some cabbage?"

"Is it good?"

"Well, 'tant nothing else."

"I will take a few heads."

"You must take it all, I aint a going to haul it home agin, and they don't want it at the tavern, so being I am owing the Doctor a trifle, I thought I would just leave it here."

* * * * * * *

In a few moments after the cabbage man took his leave, a pleasant looking countryman walked in, shook hands and called me by name. Now I did not know him, and yet I dared not ask his name, well knowing it would give offence.

"Is the Doctor at home, Mrs. Boggs?"

"No, sir, but he will be very soon."

"Will you please to tell him to come right out to my house when he returns?"

"I will tell him, sir." Now, thinks I, how shall I find out where your house is. "Do you live far from town?"

"Why, it's just a little piece past father's."

"Indeed," said I, "who is sick?"

"My brother, ma'am."

"Which brother?" I ventured to say.

"John," said he.

I hesitated, should I offend by enquiring the name, or should I leave it to the Doctor to find out.

"Do you think the Doctor knows the place, sir?"

"Oh yes, he goes past very often,—now don't forget to tell him to come immediately, for John is very bad."

So he left. The Doctor got home about dark. I told him of the call, but he had no idea who the man was.

"How was he dressed?"

"Oh he was dressed just like they all dress at this season of the year, he had on linen pants, no coat, a straw hat and rode a red horse. I cannot tell one man from another dressed in that way."

"Perhaps it is one of the Smiths," said my husband, "there is a large family of them in the prairie." And away he went, five miles after dark, to visit the Smiths, but found no patient there. We both felt provoked enough, but he still says I did right by not asking the name—we will hear from them to-morrow no doubt.

Original Song.

TO ———.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I yielded this wild harp,
Whose chords I now sweep,
To the spirit of silence
All darkly to keep
In chains of her weaving,
And never again
To weave its wild sighs
In love's passionate strain.

For a season 'twas hushed
'Neath the spell of repose,
From the frame, or the strings,
Not one sweet breath arose;
No song wreath hung over
Its soft form to tell
Where once dwelt the spirit
Of melody's spell.

Until then, in the light
Of thy gentleness gleaming,
Hadst wakened the spirit
Of song from its dreaming
The chains thou dissolved,
And its spirit set free,
Thus twines its love lay
Of devotion to thee.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-TWO.

DEPARTURE FROM LYONS—ASCENT OF THE SAONE—AN INUNDATION—CHALONS—WALKING THROUGH BURGUNDY—RUINS OF ROCHEPOT—SCENERY—A MARCH IN THE STORM—MISERIES OF A COUNTRY DILIGENCE—VALLEY OF THE YONNE—THE SEINE—PARIS AT LAST.

Chalons, on the Saone, Jan. 31, 1846.

A hundred miles from Lyons—a blessing on the distance! After a whole day of steamboating on the Saone, I find myself comfortably established in a neat little inn in this pretty city, in high spirits for commencing our seven days' walk to Paris.

We got up at five o'clock this morning, and bidding adieu to morose Monsieur Ferrand, set out through the mud, traversed the Place Belcour for once without stopping to look at the bookstores, and found our way in the mist and gloom to the steamboat landing on the Saone. The waters were swollen much above their usual level, which was favorable for the boat, as long as there was room enough left to pass under the bridges. After a great deal of bustle we got under way, and were dashing out of Lyons, against the swift current, before day break. We passed *L' Isle Barbe*, once a favorite residence of Charlemagne, and now the haunt of the Lyonnaise on summer holidays, and going under the suspension bridges with levelled chimneys, entered the picturesque hills above. The scenery is very pretty and pleasing, without any grand or remarkable features. The hills are covered with vineyards nearly to the top, and the villages scattered over them have those square, pointed towers which give such a quaintness to French country scenery. The river is spanned at short intervals by graceful suspension bridges, which seem now to have superseded all other kinds in France.

The stream being very high, the meadows on both sides were deeply overflowed. To avoid the strong current in the centre, our boat ran along the banks, pushing aside the alder thickets and poplar shoots, and in passing the bridges the pipes were always brought down flat on the deck. A little after noon, we passed the large town of Macon, the birth-place of the poet Lamartine. The valley of the Saone, no longer enclosed among the hills, spread out to several miles in width. Along the west lay in sunshine the vine-mountains of Cote d'Or, and among the dark clouds in the eastern sky, we could barely distinguish the outline of the Jura.

After leaving Tournus, half way between Macon and this place, the waters were so much swollen as to cover the plain for two or three miles in width. We seemed to be sailing down a long lake, with rows of trees springing up out of the water, and houses and villages lying like islands on its surface. Vast meadows of emerald grain were overflowed, and in many places whole hamlets surrounded and cut off from the dry land. A sunset that promised better weather tinged the broad brown flood, as Chalons came in sight, looking like a city built along the shore of a lake. We squeezed through the crowd of porters and diligence-men, declining their kind offers, and hunted quarters by ourselves. I am rejoiced at finding a letter here from my comrade in Germany.

Paris, Feb 6, 1846.

Every letter of the date is traced with an emotion of joy, for our dreary journey is over. There was a magic in the name of this city, that refitted us during all the troubles of a long wandering, and now the thought that they are all over—that these walls which enclose us stand in the heart of the gay city—seems almost too joyful to be true. Yesterday I marked with the whitest chalk, on the blackest of all tablets to make the contrast greater, for I got out of the cramped diligence at the Barriere de Charenton, and saw before me in the morning twilight, the immense grey mass of Paris. I forgot my numbed and stiffened frame and every other of the thousand disagreeable feelings of diligence travelling, in the pleasure which that sight afforded.

We left Chalons on the morning of the 1st, in high spirits at the thought that there were but little more than two hundred miles between us and Paris. Although the morning was cold and cloudy, and the road over the flat plain muddy and fatiguing, we did not heed them, for we were nearing our journey's end. About noon, we began ascending the hills, which divide the waters of the Saone from the tributaries of the Seine. They were bare and desolate, and covered with fields of leafless vines. As we slowly climbed the long ascent, the valley below was visible in its whole breadth, with the windings of the swollen river threading its dark surface.

The physiognomy of this region is very singular. It looks as if the country had been a vast elevated plain originally, and some great power had *scooped* out, as with a hand, deep circular valleys all over its surface. In winding along the high ridges, we often looked down, on either side, into such hollows, several miles in diameter, and sometimes entirely covered with vineyards. At La Rochepot, a quaint, antique village, lying in the bottom of one of these dells, we saw the finest ruin of the middle ages that I have met with in France. An American lady had spoken to me of it, at Rome, and I believe Willis mentions it in his "Pencillings," but it is not described in the guide books, nor could we learn what feudal lord had ever dwelt in its halls. It covers the summit of a stately rock, at whose foot the village is crouched, and the green ivy climbs up to the very top of its grey towers.

As the road makes a wide curve around the side of the hill, we descended to the village by the nearer foot-path, and passed among its low, old houses, with their pointed gables and mossy roofs. As the path led close along the foot of the rock, we climbed up to the ruin, and stood in its grass-grown courtyard. Only the outer walls and the round towers at each corner are left remaining; the inner part has been razed to the ground, and where the proud barons once marshalled their vassals, the villagers now play their holiday games. On one side several Gothic windows were left standing, perfect, though of simple construction, and in the towers we saw many fire-places and door ways of richly cut stone, which looked as fresh as if just erected. The picturesque beauty of its situation, and the shade of mystery which to me hung over it, made this ruin more interesting than many of far greater renown.

We passed the night at Ivry (not the Ivry which gained Henri Quatre his kingdom,) and then continued our march over roads, which I can only compare to our country roads in America, during the spring thaw. In addition to this, the rain commenced early in the morning and continued all day, so that we were completely wet the whole time. The plains, too high and cold to produce wine, were varied by forests of beach and oak, and the population was thinly scattered over them, in small villages. Travellers generally complain very much of the monotony of this part of France, and with such dreary weather, we could not disagree with them. There is another road from Chalons to Auxerre, which passes through Autun, the Bibracte of Cæsar, and for his sake I ought to have visited it; but as it was longer by several miles, I smothered my classical sympathies.

As the day wore on, the rain increased, and the sky put on that dull grey cast which denotes a lengthened storm. We were fain to stop at nightfall, but there was no inn near at hand—not even a hovel of a *cabaret* in which to shelter ourselves, and on inquiring of the wagoners, we received the comforting assurance that there was a league and a half yet to the nearest stopping place.

On, then, we went, with the pitiless storm beating in our faces and on our breasts, till there was not a dry spot left, except what our knapsacks covered. We could not have been more completely saturated if we had been dipped in the Yonne. At length, after two hours of slipping and sliding along in the mud and wet and darkness, we reached Saulien, and with the warm fire without and the warmer *bouillon* within, thanked our stars that the day's dismal tramp was over.

By good or bad luck (I have not yet decided which) a vehicle was to start the next morning for Auxerre, distant sixty miles, and the fare being but five francs, we thought it wisest to take places. It was always with reluctance that we departed from our usual mode of travelling, but in the present instance the circumstances absolutely compelled it.

Next morning at sunrise we took our seats in a large square vehicle on two wheels, calculated for six persons and a driver, with a single horse. But as he was fat and round as an elephant, and started off at a brisk pace, and we were well protected from the rain, it was not so bad after all, barring the jolts and jarred vertebræ. We drove on, over the same dreary expanse of plain and forest, passing through two or three towns in the course of the day, and by evening had made somewhat more than half our journey. Thanks to the speed of our fresh horse we were jolted about the whole night and did not arrive at Auxerre until six o'clock in the morning. After waiting an hour in a hotel beside the rushing Yonne, a lumbering diligence was got ready and we were given places to Paris for seven francs. As the distance is one hundred and ten miles, this would be considered cheap, but I should not want to travel it again and be paid seven times seven. Twelve persons were packed into a box not large enough for a cow, and no cabinet-maker ever dove-tailed his corners tighter than we did our knees and nether extremities. It is my lot to be blessed with abundance of stature, and none but tall persons can appreciate the misery of sitting for hours with their joints in an immovable vice.

Auxerre, from my twilight glimpse of it, seems to be very beautifully situated on the left bank of the Yonne. Delightful shaded avenues encompass it, and the Gothic mass of its Cathedral towers up finely from the centre. The country grew more pleasing in its aspect, and assumed a character better corresponding with my ideas of French pastoral scenery. The brooks that flowed gently through the green meadows were lined with willows and rows of tall poplars divided the fields. An occasional chateau with white towers looked down from the slopes of the hills, and the bare fruit trees revealed the rural hamlets which in summer are hid among them.

We passed Joigny on the Yonne, Sens, with its glorious old cathedral, and at dusk reached Montereau on the Seine. This was the scene of one of Napoleon's best victories, on his return from Elba. In driving over the bridge, I looked down on the swift and swollen current, and hoped that its hue might never be darkened again so fearfully as the last sixty years have witnessed. No river in Europe has such an association connected with it. We think of the Danube for its majesty, of the Rhine for its wild beauty, but of the Seine—for its blood!

In coming thus to the last famed stream I shall visit in Europe, I might say, with Barry Cornwall:

> "We've sailed through banks of green,
> Where the wild waves fret and quiver,
> And we've down the Danube been—
> The dark, deep, thundering river!
> We've threaded the Elbe and Rhone,
> The Tiber and blood dyed Seine,
> And we've been where the blue Garonne
> Goes laughing to meet the main!"

And I might add, too, in a parody on the burthen of his song,—

> *But we've seen no river more lovely or grand*
> *Than the Hudson that floweth through Freedom's land!*

All that night did we endure squeezing and suffocation, and no morn was ever more welcome than that which revealed to us Paris. With matted hair, wild, glaring eyes, and dusty and dishevelled habiliments, we entered the gay capital, and blessed every stone upon which we placed our feet, in the fulness of our joy. J. B. T.

Interesting Sketch.

APPARITIONS;
Or, The Spirit World.

> "What is here
> Which looks like death in life, and speaks like things
> Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!"
> BYRON.

It was a gloomy autumnal evening; all was hushed and still in the interior of the dwelling in which we sat, while the tall trees without kept up a continual mysterious and confidential whispering, as though they had a thousand things to tell one another; and the wind went searching round the old house, and down the wide chimney, and through the long corridors, as if it had lost something. Or practised all the ancient tunes which it sang hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in a low wailing voice, half human in its melancholy sweetness, or wild revelry. Sometimes it seemed to go a long way off, and then, when you least expected it, back it came again as though it were singing under the window, or in the very room itself, while the heavy drapery swayed to and fro with a strange sympathy. Presently, in restless mood it went out to play with the old trees before mentioned, which at first only shook their heads gently at his frolics, but afterwards laughed and gamboled till their branches creaked again! And finally, elated with its sports, came sweeping along the old corridor, and burst open the room door where we sat.

Startled a little from our dreamy reveries, we looked hastily up, but perceiving no one, naturally concluded that it was only the wind; and were in the very act of putting the finishing stitch to the work on which we were employed, seeking at the same time for the tangled thread of our former pleasant musings thus rudely broken, when a passage which we had been lately reading in a very clever paper, entitled "Miscellanea Mystica," but without making any deep impression upon our minds at the time, came back like a lightning flash—"*How often do we say, 'Tis only the wind,' when former inhabitants of the houses we live in may be sweeping past us!*"

The words had been uttered in reference to a spirit-story of a poor emigrant's wife, yearning for her forsaken home; the door of which was seen to open wide, one windy night—just such an one, perhaps, as that on which we write. To common eyesight this was all; but a certain woman, gifted with the the rare faculty of ghost-seeing, was enabled both to distinguish and describe this strange visitor, who was dressed after her usual fashion, and wore a sad and troubled expression of countenance, as though grieving for all she had left behind.

Not being gifted with this same supernatural clearness of vision, which must be by no means desirable, if any "forms of the departed entered at the open door," it was unknown to us. And we only remember becoming suddenly conscious that the evening was drawing in, and it might be as well to ring for candles. After which we fell into a train of thought far from unpleasant, in the which all that we had heard and read of such things came back as vividly as though it were but yesterday; the wind, meanwhile, keeping up a sort of running accompaniment to the wild harmony of by-gone recollections.

The house where we were born, and around which some of our earliest reminiscences are entwined, was said to be haunted; but a residence of many years never warranted us to give a less vague assertion than the common one, "it was said to be." Neither are we aware that any member of the family is able to speak more confidently on the subject. It was curious enough, however, that several casual visitors, without the possibility of any previous communication passing between them, and in most instances without their even hearing it mentioned, have united in giving a precisely similar description of the phantom. By which we understood it to be tall, of the male sex, and wearing a loose pepper-and-salt coat, probably the fashion in those days. My father, who was frequently up writing until long after the rest of the family had gone to bed, has repeatedly heard or fancied footsteps upon the stairs, followed by a distinct tapping at his study door; on which occasions he never failed to call aloud, "Come in," although his ghostly visitant seems invariably to have declined availing himself of the invitation.

We can remember one thing, however, which, as children, made a deep impression upon us. All of a sudden a strange noise, like the ticking of a watch, only slower, began to be heard night after night, in the room where we generally sat. Some said it was a cricket, or a spider—others spoke of the *death watch!* while a few took the opportunity of displaying their entomological knowledge by ascribing it to a certain beetle, belonging to the timber boring genus *anobium*, which frequently finds its way into old walls and wainscoting. Anyhow, it was a very solemn sound; and remarked all the more for a curious coincidence which took place about the same time. A large Newfoundland dog, hitherto perfectly quiet, commenced a series of the most dismal howlings; and it was discovered one morning, had actually scratched up a deep hole in the ground, which certainly did look very like a grave! This was repeated more than once, until they took to chaining him. Not long afterwards a little child residing in the house sickened and died; and from that hour we never heard the *death watch* again!

Of our own experience in these matters we have little more to tell; but a whole host of incidents heard at different times, and from some who are now spirits themselves, comes thronging into our memory with a strange distinctness, so that we feel tempted to relate a few; for who does not love a ghost story, however they may laugh at it afterwards?

The first is told by a distant relative of our own, living far away in a quiet country place, where a belief in these things comes quite natural. Her father had been long ill, and as she lay thinking of him one summer night, and how improbable it was they should ever meet again, she became suddenly conscious of a heavy weight, as though a head rested upon her bosom, and stretching forth her hand, distinctly felt the thick, crisped curls with which she had played a thousand times when a child, and which were only just beginning to be tinged with grey when she married and left home. She knew that it was her father, and yet, somehow, she was not frightened, but lay quite still, and presently heard a sweet voice singing an old familiar hymn, which he had often taught and sang to them long ago. And when its last tones died lingeringly away, the spirit, if it were one, had also departed.

Many have said it was only a dream,—that she had gone to bed thinking of her poor father, and so dreamt the rest. Well, it might have been thus. But it is curious enough, nevertheless, that the old man actually died upon the very night, and, as near as could be ascertained, the very hour when all this happened.

Our next anecdote was frequently related by the individual himself, and with a serious truthfulness that seems to have made a deep impression on several who heard it from his own lips. He had, it appeared, been the only child of a good and pious woman, who was early left a widow; and after struggling with poverty and ill health for above twelve years, during which she maintained herself and child by the poorly remunerated labors of the needle, died at length of very weakness and exhaustion, preserving her meek and cheerful spirit to the last, and recommending her orphan boy, with many prayers, to the protection of Him who is the "Father of the fatherless."

For the first week or two after her death, every one thought that the poor lad would have broken his heart for grief, and soon followed. Instead of which, as its passionate violence passed away, and its yearning affections were repelled and thrown back upon themselves, it hardened. And forgetting all her warning admonitions, he soon became as idle and restless as those into whose society he seemed henceforth cast. We will draw a veil over the next few years. It will be sufficient to mention, that at the time of which we are about to speak, his character, if he could be said to have one, was at its lowest *ebb*. And even those who, out of pity for the boy, or from some lingering recollection of her who was gone, had hitherto continued his friends, dropped off one by one, until he was an alien, as it were, from all good.

He had been out one evening with some young companions as wild and reckless as himself, and it was late before they thought of separating. It chanced that his nearest way home lay through the churchyard. Most of them would have preferred the high road, although it was nearly a quarter of a mile farther round, rather than pass so lonely a spot; but the young man of whom we write used to make his boast that he feared neither the living nor the dead! It was a bright moonlight night, and as our hero walked onwards through the green, quiet fields, the bacchanalian song which he had commenced out of defiance upon separating with the rest died away upon his lips, and he lapsed into silence.

Late as it was, a female form sat on one of the gravestones wringing her hands, and swaying backwards and forwards, as though in deep affliction. Naturally kind hearted, the young man turned out of his way to see if there was anything he could do for her; but somehow, as he approached nearer, the figure seemed strangely familiar—ay, even the old bonnet with its faded black riband, and the well worn dress; and while he was still attentively regarding it, it vanished suddenly away! It was, as we have said, a bright moonlight night—so bright that, stooping down over the spot from whence the figure had so strangely disappeared, the orphan distinctly read the name of his lost parent, together with the date of her death; and he knew now that it was her spirit he had seen! But why did she weep? She whose deep trust in God had kept her always cheerful amid poverty and disease, so that she died at last blessing and thanking Him for all His mercies? The conscience-stricken youth felt that it was his sins that would not let her rest even in the grave; and bowing down his face upon the damp grass, asked pardon of Heaven, and of her.

It seems that for a long while past his old master had meant to give him warning, but had put it off from time to time in hopes he would amend his present wild course of life; but his protracted absence on the night in question determined him, and he met his young apprentice with a sternness that disappeared all at once at the sight of his pale and agitated countenance. And he spoke kindly instead, bidding him get to bed as fast as he could. Touched by the mild and pitying tones of his voice, the youth told his master every thing, who, although he had no great faith in ghosts, took care not to say a word which should lessen the evident impression made upon the mind of his companion, who became from that time a changed and better man.

"Well, that is all natural enough," exclaims the philosopher. "The boy, you tell us, ceased to sing soon after parting with his comrades. The stillness and the moonlight evidently subdued and saddened him, bringing back memories of old times, until from thinking of his mother, and how grieved she would have been had she lived to see this day, his active imagination was worked into the conviction that he actually saw her, wailing and wringing her hands as he describes; although the impression must have been a powerful one, certainly, to have given a coloring to his whole future life."

Oh, let ours, gentle reader, be a simpler, and a holier faith! The finger of God might have been in all this, and if so, it was easy for grace to hallow and perfect a work began in mercy.

The next incident that we shall relate is of a more complicated and mysterious nature, and the purpose to be answered less clearly defined, although we can see no cause to question its authenticity, the narrator being one whose veracity was beyond dispute.

She had, it appears, been kept from church one Sunday evening, in consequence of ill health; but her indisposition not being of sufficient importance to warrant her detaining any one else, even the servants were permitted to go, and she remained home alone. This was, however, a matter of too frequent occurrence to be much noticed; and having ascertained that the doors were securely fastened, the young lady took her book and began to read. It may be as well to mention that the work in question was a volume of sermons of by no means an exciting nature; and from the perusal of which she presently rose up and proceeded to the library, with the intention of consulting some book of reference. What was her surprise on pushing open the door, which was only half closed, to see her father sitting in the easy chair which he generally occupied! She instantly addressed him in a cheerful voice, thinking he must have returned without her knowledge, for she distinctly remembered seeing him depart with the rest. Until upon receiving no answer, the utter impossibility of such a thing suddenly came over her, and she had only strength to totter from the room and seat herself upon the stairs outside, where she remained until the return of the family from church; when having with difficulty unfastened the door, she instantly fainted away.

The young lady's first question upon coming to herself, was for her father; and seeing him bending over her she became gradually more composed, and had sufficient self-possession to forbear mentioning what had occurred to any member of the family, although she afterwards related it to one or two intimate friends. Had she done so, it is probable that the effect upon the imagination of her father might, as it has been too frequently the case, have brought about the realisation of her worst fears; instead of which they gradually passed away; although for some time afterwards she continued to watch over him with the most affectionate anxiety, and was observed to be restless and uneasy whenever he was out of her sight for long together. The old man lived, however, many years after this occurrence, and in the full enjoyment of his usual health.

We have heard tell of a gentleman of high literary attainments, possessed of a peculiarly nervous temperament, combined with a very powerful imagination, who was in the frequent habit of seeing persons coming towards him, as it were, and then suddenly vanishing all at once; so that he was occasionally puzzled to distinguish these illusions from what was actually taking place around him. Very much of this may be explained away by simple pathological causes. But the incident which we are about to relate, in which the same illusion was present to *two persons at once*, is less easy of solution. The parties to whom it occurred are well-known to us, and the neighborhood by no means remarkable for any associations of a romantic or spiritual nature.

It happened, a few years ago, that two sisters passing along the outside of the Regent's Park, on their way home, and somewhat later than was their usual custom, in consequence of having been unavoidably detained, saw an old woman a few paces before them, the ancient appearance of whose dress and manner seems to have at first afforded them ample materials for criticism. And yet there was nothing extraordinary about her attire, which consisted of a dark cotton dress and shawl, with a black silk bonnet, which, it is facetiously observed, might from its size and shape, have been made in the "year one!" And still they could not help noticing her.

It was just that soft twilight hour which is so rapidly followed in England by the dusk of evening; but as yet all was clear and easily defined; when on a sudden the sisters simultaneously missed the old woman from before them, although she had been there but a moment previous, laughingly exclaiming that she had most decidedly vanished! And so it appeared. She was certainly nowhere to be seen; and being about the middle of one of the terraces, it was impossible that she could have escaped down any turning in such an instant of time. It was also evident that she had not crossed the road, or if so, no traces of her were visible in that direction. The sisters said little at the time, but involuntarily quickening their steps were soon at home. And to this day, it is the strong impression upon both their minds that the old woman was no woman at all, but an apparition! It has, however, never since been visible to either, although they have passed over the same ground times and often.

The last anecdote we mean to relate will doubtless call up a thousand similar ones in the hearts and memories of our readers, which, sceptical as we may all be on the subject, somehow we cannot find it in our consciences to laugh at.

Clara M———, was the second daughter of a clever but far from wealthy artist, with a large family dependent upon his genius and exertions. Until her sixteenth year she had been in the constant enjoyment of unbroken health; but about this period it suddenly declined, and symptoms of pulmonary consumption became daily visible in her fevered cheek and attenuated frame, the more unexpected as the disease was by no means hereditary. A warmer climate was recommended as the last resource, and then it was that the heavy hand of poverty was felt for the first time among this hitherto happy and attached family; and they prayed for wealth only as the means of restoring life and health to this dear one! And not, as it seemed, altogether in vain.

A lady of good property, with a warm, benevolent heart, that ached sometimes amid its affluence for something to love and cherish, chanced to hear of Clara's ill health; and touched by the air of patient resignation with which one so young and beautiful looked calmly forward to her early death, resolved within herself that no human means should be left untried to avert so sad a doom. And amid the prayers and blessings of her parents and sisters, Clara quitted England with her kind protectress, full of hope and gratitude.

Naturally gentle and sweet tempered, she was much beloved by every member of her family, but more particularly by her next sister Effie, between whom and herself there subsisted a most tender affection. And now that Clara was about to leave her, perhaps forever, the poor girl's grief and anguish became uncontrollable, until reminded of its selfishness by the increasing paleness of that beloved one.

"You will come again?" whispered Effie, as she slowly disengaged herself from the encircling arms of her half-fainting sister, and placed her in those of her kind friend, who would willingly, had it not been too late, have taken both of them with her. "Oh, promise me that you will come again!"

"Yes, I promise you faithfully, dear Effie, let what will happen!" replied Clara, with sudden animation; and the sisters parted thus.

The first letter they received was from Mrs. L———, and it was full of hope. Her young *protegee* was already better and stronger beyond her most sanguine expectations. A few weeks afterwards the girl wrote herself, in high spirits. The physician doubted whether she was consumptive at all; and at any rate predicted her speedy restoration under the discipline which he prescribed, united with the mild and genial air of that beautiful climate. She spoke of her gratitude to God, and that kind friend whom He had raised up for her; and of her one only wish, that dear Effie were but with her!

What rejoicing there was over that letter! What happy tears shed upon every recollection of it! While the sunshine of domestic peace once more diffused itself around the humble home of the artist. After a time, Clara's warm encomiums upon Mrs. L———'s kindness and affection, awoke a thousand wild, ambitious dreams in the heart of her fond mother, at which her husband did but laugh and shake his head. After all it was only natural, they both agreed, for every one to love their darling girl!

Better than a year had passed away. The travellers were on their road home. Clara had written a letter full of unabated affection and remembrance, and a little wee note to Effie, to say how she yearned to embrace them all again, and how she was half afraid they would scarcely know her, she had grown so tall and stout; and handsome too, if she were to credit all the pretty things she had said to her; which she did not, of course. This latter piece of information was apart to Effie, who verily believed in the depths of her simple and loving heart that it was impossible for Clara to have become more beautiful, anyhow!

It was a pleasant summer noon. All were busy as bees in the artist's humble but cheerful dwelling, either with the pencil or needle, for one or two bid fair to inherit a portion of their father's genius. They had been silent for some moments, so silent that the earnest tones of Mrs. M———'s voice actually startled them.

"Effie! my dear Effie, what ails you?"

The girl did not answer, but still sat rigid and motionless, with her strained eye-balls fixed upon what seemed a little streak of sunlight that came in through the artist's half closed shutters.

"Effie!" exclaimed her mother again; and then she looked up, shuddered slightly, and, pointing with her finger towards the spot before indicated, whispered the name of her sister Clara, and immediately fainted away for the first time in her life.

Upon coming to herself, she persisted in declaring that she had seen Clara, standing pale but smilingly in the sunlight, looking at her with so sweet and loving a countenance, that she thought her heart would have burst.

"Ah, you had been thinking of her, no doubt!"

Effie confessed that she had continually, and bore to be laughed at as one anxious to be convinced that it was even as they had said, nothing more than a dream of her own vivid imagination; but, nevertheless, she could not help feeling restless and unhappy, with a yearning and troubled anxiety to hear from the travellers. The artist laughed too, when he heard the story, but was observed to note down the time when it occurred upon the back of the picture which he was painting.

It was some time before the long-expected letter arrived which was to name the very day and hour of Clara's return, but it was sealed with black! The poor girl had died on her passage home of a rapid fever, which carried her off the third day after she was attacked. To the last she raved continually of her parents and sisters, more especially Effie; and passed away at length on a bright summer noon, the very same, and even the very hour, on which Effie maintained that she saw her, unconscious of the presence of Mrs. L———, who watched by her with a mother's love until all was over.

But we have well-nigh exhausted our reminiscences, and with them it may be, the reader's patience, but we hope not. The very wind of which we erstwhile spoke is tired out at length, and sobbing and crying itself to sleep like a weary child. The old trees nod gently in the quiet moonlight, and the church-clock, with its still, solemn voice, warns us to our rest. For ourselves we have no fear of spirits; and, to own the truth, but little faith in mesmerism, clairvoyance, or any of the fashionable mysteries of the present age. But we verily believe there is nothing impossible to God, and are ready to confess with Shakspeare,—

> "There are more things in Heaven and earth
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Our Scrap Book.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of *Caledonia* is high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain the country of tin—as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of a man which it resembles.

Rhodes serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdis, the holes of destruction.

Etna signifies a furnace, or dark, or smoky.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

The above were gathered from a very ancient history of Britain.

LOVE IN A WIGWAM.

About a twelve-month ago, a Mr. Warr, an aide-de-camp to the late Sir R. Jackson, commander of the forces in Canada, went out with a brother officer on a sporting expedition to the north-west, to shoot buffaloes, &c. On getting there he met with some of the wandering tribes of Indians and fell in love with the daughter of a chief. It is supposed he expressed his passion for the lady; but, however that may be, the chief determined to make him a present of her. Mr. Warr, had of course, only anticipated a *marriage de convenance*—a *liaison* for the moment—to terminate at the end of the buffalo hunting. But not so the chief. He insisted on a regular marriage; and in the end, the polished Mr. Warr, the pink of fashion, and having noble blood in his veins, was married to a Crow or Blackfoot wife, by a missionary who happened to be at hand!

This was nearly twelve months ago, and the young gentleman has been with his savage relatives ever since. In this time, report says, his civilized clothes have worn out, and he has been equipped *a l'Indien*, with all the embellishments of paint, tattoo, &c. Nor will the tribe hear of his coming away, which, as may be imagined, he is most anxious to do; but he has been given to understand that if he should show so little gratitude and good taste, a bullet will most assuredly put an end to his Indian existence. The circumstance has occasioned a good deal of amusement here. It is understood the Hudson's Bay Company will use their influence to redeem the unfortunate wight, one of whose great merits in the eyes of the tribe consists in his having red hair, which the Indian regards as a Divine gift!—*Brighton* (*England*) *Herald*.

The Montreal Herald copies the above and adds—

We understand that the gentleman above alluded to, has recently returned to Montreal, en route to England, and that he has resumed his original style of costume. He does not appear to have been tattooed, as represented in the extract. We have not heard if his Blackfoot squaw accompanies him to England.

A HINT FOR BACHELORS.—The contrast of the single and married state is thus beautifully described by Bishop Taylor:—"Single life is like a fly in the heart of an apple: he dwells in sweetness but lives alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings, and founds order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

☞ "Do you choose snuff," said a polite Frenchman, presenting his box to a young lady on board of one of our steamboats. "No, sir," was the reply, "never chews it—I only cleans my teeth with it."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We think the poetry of our friend W. F. S. hardly good enough for publication—the Enigmas we will endeavor to find room for.

FUNERAL SHADOWS.—This poem displays much promise, but the author has not always taken care to restrain the "fine frenzy" of poesy, within the bounds of sense. If we do publish it, the author must excuse some omissions and alterations.

CLAUD CLEVERLY.—What has become of Claud—are the "*Springs*" dried up?

TO HARPER & BROTHERS.

Gentlemen:—We address this communication to you for two reasons. In the first place, you are reputed to be the wealthiest and most influential publishing house in the country; in the second, the third number of a work is now lying before us, called "MARTIN, OR THE FOUNDLING," *by Eugene Sue*, with your name upon the cover as the introducers of it to the American reading world.

We would ask you, at the outset, whether or not you consider yourselves responsible at all, for the characters of the works that you publish and circulate? Do you apprehend that any guilt attaches to you, for the publication of an immoral work—or, do you hold yourselves absolved from any consideration of the moral tendency of a book, only looking at it in the narrow light of a mercantile speculation, and agitating no other question as to its contents, but whether they are such as will make it sell?

But we wrong you, it may be, by even putting such a question. You have the reputation of being virtuous, honest, aye Christian men, and as such must believe in theory, whatever may be your practice, that as the hired assassin is as guilty as the villain that employs him, so is the publisher of an immoral work as culpable as the author who prostitutes the talents that God has given him to bring it forth to the world.

We will not wrong you by even supposing that you might deny the above to be sound doctrine. This subject can be no new one with you—you must have considered it often in its length and its breadth, in its height and its depth in many a conference, and in individual silent moments.

Now we will not ask what we might ask, how you could reconcile it with your consciences as moral and Christian men, to be instrumental in giving circulation to such a work as the "Mysteries of Paris"—we are willing "that by-gones should be by-gones"—but we do ask you now, in the presence of many thousands of your countrymen, how you can justify your conduct in lending such a work as "Martin, or The Foundling," the endorsement of your name?

We have not read the whole of that work, but we have read the third number, the only one we have received, and we make no scruple to say that it alone contains licentiousness enough to prevent any thoughtful and considerate parent from introducing the book that contains it into his family.

Now, you know, and every one knows, who is at all conversant with the matter, that it makes all the difference in the world as to who is the publisher of a book. If a wealthy and respectable house like Harper & Brothers take hold of a work, they can give it a circulation in channels that a house of less respectability and influence could not reach. Men not accustomed to think for themselves, also argue in this way:—"If this book was not too immoral to be published by Harper & Brothers, it cannot be too immoral to be read by myself and family." Thus it is that the works of Eugene Sue may now be seen on the centre tables of ladies, who ought to blush at even being suspected of reading so impure an author. And if we "*advance*" as rapidly as we have done during the last ten years, the more common and vulgar, but not more licentious novels of Paul de Kock, will, before many winters have passed, be equally unblushingly perused and commented upon.

Now, gentlemen, we put the question to you, whether we have not to thank you and various other eminent and respectable publishers for this? You may, perhaps, consider it a light matter; you may "scatter firebrands, arrows and death, and say you are in sport;" but to those who regard the virtue of the Republic as its very life blood, and who have always been accustomed to point with pride to the purity of our social relations as contrasted with those of the artificial and corrupt old world, it is a matter surpassing in interest all other questions merely political or monetary.

Gentlemen, if you were poor, we could find of ourselves a kind of excuse for you. A wife and children at home almost devoid of the necessaries of life have driven many a man into evil courses. "It is wrong, I know it is wrong," such an one often says to himself, "but, oh God, can I see my children starve?" But you, gentlemen, are rich—you are not seemingly compelled by that strong law of our nature, necessity, to barter your soul's life for body's bread. You have riches, and we doubt not, have learned, by this time, that wealth is most to be coveted

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being INDEPENDENT."

Yes, you are, thus, or may be independent—therefore we cannot make that excuse for you, which we often do in our heart for so many others—and it is for this reason, that, disdaining to arraign the powerless and leave the powerful go unquestioned, we have addressed ourselves to you, as to the head and front of this offending.

It is nearly superfluous to say, but we will say it, inasmuch as men are so apt to impute to a private grudge a concern for the public good, that we have not in this matter any personal or other enmity against you or any publishing house. But having rather unwillingly been forced into a controversy respecting a most pernicious class of publications, we have resolved to make clean work of it; and, disengaging ourselves as soon as possible from those whose weakness is their strength, to charge these offences home against the men whose respectability and influence are the tempters, which beguile hundreds as fair and virtuous as *Eve* herself, into the deadly tasting of "*forbidden fruit.*"

CHANGE OF COMMAND.

A correspondent of the *Picayune*, at Pensacola, in a letter dated Sept. 2d, says that information has been received at the *Navy Yard* at that place, that Com. Perry is on his way to take command of the Gulf squadron in place of Com. Conner. The Picayune says that the information from *Pensacola* is wholly correct. Com. Conner is said to be in failing health. To this cause is attributed, by officers in the squadron, certain miscarriages in the Gulf which have been a source of chagrin to the whole Navy.

A NEW PAPER.

We have received the first number of a new paper called "*The Palmetto State Banner*," published at Columbia, S.C. The selections in it are very well chosen, and the editorial matter well written. We wish the publisher success.

U. S. BRIG TRUXTON BURNT

A correspondent of the Mobile Herald in a letter dated on board one of the U. S. squadron, gives the following account of the loss of the Brig Truxton and the surrender of her crew to the Mexicans.

"The only event of importance which has transpired of late is the loss of the U. S. brig Truxton, on the bar of the Tuspan River, about 130 miles northward of Vera Cruz. The intelligence was brought to the squadron August 19th, by the St. Mary's, that ship having picked up one of the Truxton's boats, with Lieut. Berryman on board.

"It appears that Capt. Carpender, of the Truxton, wishing to get his vessel near shore, to protect his boats while obtaining provisions, employed a Scotchman he had taken out of a small Mexican prize to pilot him in, but who, whether from design or accident, ran him aground on the 15th. On the 17th, with the exception of Lieut. Hunter and a boat's crew, she was abandoned by the officers and men, who went ashore to the number of about 60 in all, and surrendered themselves to the Mexican commandant. They were hospitably received, complimented with a ball, and left next day with a guide of four men for Tampico, about 100 miles further north. Lieut. Hunter and his boat's crew put to sea, captured a small Mexican schooner and came down to our present anchorage, making in all two officers (Lieuts. Berryman and Hunter) and about 20 men saved. As soon as the news was received, the Princeton immediately got under weigh and proceeded to the scene of disaster.

"The Truxton was found beating on the bar, bilged, and completely filled with water, having about *four feet* over the berth deck. The surf was so violent on the bar that it was not until the 22d that the boats of the Princeton could board her, when finding it impossible to get her off or save her, she was fired and completely burned. A few of the best spars were brought off, but otherwise she is a total loss. She had been completely plundered and stripped by the Mexicans before the arrival of the Princeton. Her guns were found to have been thrown overboard. The Princeton ran into five fathoms water (she draws 19½ feet) and was then about 1½ miles distant, the swell was so heavy that a nearer approach in shoaler water was deemed dangerous.

"After firing the brig, the Princeton returned immediately on the 23d to this present anchorage, about 10 miles southward of Vera Cruz. At the mouth of Tuspan River the Mexicans have a small force tented in sheds. The town of Tuspan is back some eight miles distant. Several communications passed between the Princeton and the shore by flags of truce, and by them the fate of the captives was learnt.

"The cutter Legare, sixty hours from Brazos, arrived on the 25th with despatches for our Commodore, supposed relating to a three months armistice with the Mexicans. The distance from the Brazos to this place is 450 miles, and was performed under steam, against strong head winds. The Legare returns direct to New Orleans for repairs to her boilers, which are in a bad condition, and prevents her carrying steam. About ten days since Santa Anna left Vera Cruz for the city of Mexico, previous to which, however, he sent a polite invitation to our Commodore to meet him on board the English frigate Endymion; the interview did not take place.

"A few days back one of the English frigate's boats came down in a violent rain squall with a communication for the Commodore; the next day a flag of truce was returned, but no rumor of the business has transpired. The frigate Potomac is nearly disabled by the sickness of her crew; the scurvy has broken out on board of her, and she has now 140 cases of the dreadful disease. On the 27th, the cutter Forward arrived from the Balize, but brought no intelligence of importance.

"The following is a list of the officers attached to the Truxton, who are gone to Tampico:—

"Commander E. W. Carpender; Acting Master, Isaac N. Briceland; Passed Midshipmen, John P. Bankhead, George B. Bissell; Purser, George F. Cutter; Assistant Surgeon, John S. Messersmith; Midshipman, Simeon S. Bassett; Captain's Clerk, H. Wilkinson; together with about fifty petty officers and seamen."

BATH AND WASHING HOUSES.

It may not perhaps be generally known, that considerable attention has been directed of late, in England, to the social condition of the poorer classes. Among other things that have been proposed for their benefit, has been the establishment of baths with washing houses connected with them, at which, for a small sum, the clothes of those families can be washed and ironed who have no conveniencies for such purposes at home. A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, gives an interesting account of one of these establishments lately erected in London. Passing over the description of the Baths with which most readers are probably familiar, our author says:

"The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, has an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing-room, in which are placed sixty double tubs, and a patent drying machine, a series of hot air drying closets, an ironing-room, a mangling-room and six mangles, and a waiting-room. Each washing tub is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions, so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labor without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is provided with a shelf and other conveniences. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great rate, and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at asylums and other large establishments. The clothes are next hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to these accommodations are mangling machines, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, hot irons excepted, for the space of three hours, the charge is 1d., and with irons 2d.—a sum so trifling for the weekly washing and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. In short, for the price of a quartern of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort."

STEPHEN GIRARD.

We perceive that some of the papers habitually speak of this individual as having been a worthy and philanthropic man. But for our part we can never hold up to public admiration the memory of a man who stinted and screwed through a whole lifetime, even if he did devise the hoard he could no longer keep, for the benefit of the orphan. He must do something with his *money*—he was cold-hearted and had no friends, and had no desire to leave so large a sum to mere relatives, and therefore doubtless thought that he would compound for a hard and selfish life, by an equally selfish fit of generosity at his death. But impartial history cannot be bribed in this manner. Stephen Girard had justly the reputation of being a close, hard hearted man while he lived, and the memory of his real character will survive, though the splendid monument raised by his immense wealth, were literally covered with eulogistic falsehoods.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We have received of late several communications stating that in some parts of the country our paper is not received till much later in the ensuing week after its publication, than it should be. It is not our fault, because it is mailed regularly, and at as early a period as it ever has been. Will our friends, the Postmasters, through the country, look a little into this matter, and see that there be no delay at their respective offices?

Since writing the above, we find the following in the North American of this city:—

"The Mails are extremely irregular of late, not only do we experience much vexation from the non-receipt of intelligence in time, but we notice that in Pittsburg, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, &c., complaints are almost daily entered against the manner in which the mails are transmitted. Cannot the proper department discover some means of avoiding these irregularities?"

A JUDGE.

We make our bow to the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times for the following:

"The *Saturday Evening Post* should, we think, be ranked among the Magazines. Although in a different form, it is equal in value to any of them, and to the general reader, who in addition to light literature, wants the current news of the day, it is worth more."

RIOT AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Picayune gives the following account of a terrible riot among the volunteers.

"On the night of the 31st ult., a riot broke out among the volunteers on board a steamboat lying at an encampment opposite Barita. The particulars of this shameful affair, as we have them, are as follows: On board the boat were some three or four companies of Georgia volunteers. Of these there was one Irish company between which and some other company a feud had existed for several days. The quarrel reached its climax on the evening mentioned, and a terrible fight ensued.

"Shots were fired, and swords and bayonets were used indiscriminately in the affair. Some fifteen or twenty persons are reported to have been killed or mortally wounded. It is supposed that eight or ten were forced overboard, who either drowned or had died of their wounds. While the fight was going on, the Colonel of the Georgia volunteers most gallantly interfered to quell it, by personally attacking the volunteers with his sword and pistols. He shot down one man and wounded several others, but finding he could not succeed in putting down the disturbance, he called upon Col. Baker, of the 4th Regiment of Illinois volunteers for assistance.

"Col. B. ordered companies A. and C. of his regiment to assist in quelling the fight, and went in person, accompanied by about twenty men to the boat. He immediately stepped on board, ordered them to desist and attempted to ascend the stairs, when he was attacked by the rioters and had a desperate conflict. He defended himself bravely for some time against swords, bayonets and shot, but was finally wounded by a ball entering his neck. It entered behind and passed out through his cheek or mouth. The twenty men who accompanied Col. Baker, belong to Company C., of these eight were wounded, six with bayonets and two with balls.

"On the arrival of Companies A. and C., Capt. Roberts, of the former, ordered his men to charge on board, and led them as far as the steps, where he received a severe wound from a bayonet, which entered near the shoulder-blade and passed through his back. The boat was so well defended that the Illinois troops were forced to retreat, they having no cartridges with them. Ammunition was soon, however, furnished them, and on approaching the boat again, every thing became quiet. None of the Illinois troops were killed—and it was thought on the next morning that Col. Baker and Capt. Roberts would recover from their wounds. In fact, there was little apprehension felt for their safety.

"Two of the privates of Company C. it was feared were mortally wounded. The Commissary of the Illinois troops was also wounded, but slightly so.

"At the time Col. Baker was shot he was engaged in a personal conflict with the Captain of the Irish company, who was also among the wounded.

"The rioters were finally subdued and forced to surrender their arms, and placed under a strong guard."

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The New York Herald has received from Washington intelligence from the Rio Grande, and the Cabinet at Washington, which, if true, is very important. It is as follows:

"A courier is now in this city, despatched by Gen. Taylor, from the head-quarters of the American army, and we are informed *on the most reliable authority, that no proposals for peace whatever have yet been made either by the Mexican or American Governments, or by any of their accredited agents.*

"This messenger left after Santa Anna's arrival in Mexico, and after he had had sufficient time to make advances, if he intended to do so towards our government.

"This news we hardly expected, but it is all explained by the fact that Santa Anna had given assurances to his friends that, in returning to resume the command of the army, he should most implicitly follow the public will and inclinations of the people of Mexico in regard to the war. He is now waiting to learn the popular feeling. This is one item.

"The second item of intelligence brought by this courier *is that the Ministers of England, France and Spain in the Capital of Mexico have given the gravest assurances to Santa Anna that neither he nor his government shall receive from them one dollar, or the slightest encouragement in prosecuting this war.*

"This arises evidently from the immense damages which are flowing to the commerce and mining interests of those nations, which are so seriously affected by existing hostilities."

THE PRESS.

The public will shortly have an opportunity of judging as to the respective characters of various papers throughout the country, by the course they shall take relative to this warfare against immoral publications in which we are now engaged. Those that are edited by moral and virtuous men will, undoubtedly, if they speak at all, aid us in the good work. Several already have taken ground upon the subject, among which we may notice the North American and the United States Gazette of this city, the latter of which characterizes our course as "a righteous warfare." A few, probably, "of the baser sort," may be expected to take sides openly with the Courier, in its endeavors to screen these pernicious works from just condemnation—while others, that are deficient in the necessary manliness to take openly and above board either side, and yet whose sympathies are secretly with the opponents of morality and virtue, will endeavor to throw ridicule upon the whole affair, and represent it as a mere personal quarrel between two editors. Some also there may be, who being pushed for a joke, will treat the matter lightly, and so they can say something "smart," will not care whether it aid the cause of immorality or of virtue. Jesting, however, in questions of this nature, is not only highly inimical to virtue, but "shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

THE LYNN HERMIT.

The editor of a Gloucester paper, who has been recently on a visit to Lynn, Massachusetts, gives the following account of one of the "lions" of that town:

"The Lynn *hermit* was the next object of our attraction—this singular and eccentric man has lived secluded for the last forty years, being now upwards of 90—his house or place of abode, is in the side of a hill, and at first sight would be taken for a tomb or an ice-house, being on the side of a high hill. Our friend who accompanied us, gave a short history of his life. He is of noble birth—a Scottish nobleman—he loved a lady to whom a younger brother was paying his addresses; some quarrel took place which was the result of a challenge, and report says his brother fell by his hand. He fled to this country—renouncing titles, friends, kindred, all that life had made dear."

AMUSING.

We do not know when we have seen anything more amusing than an incident that occurred lately. A gentleman of this city had taken occasion to speak out upon a class of immoralities that abound amongst us, when a certain individual, who thought himself aggrieved by his strictures, borrowed the aid of a *friend*, and determined to give him such a drubbing as would be a caution to all virtuous and moral men hereafter, to hold their peace upon such subjects. But it seems they had mistaken their man—for he set upon both of his assailants so vigorously, that one took to his heels and fled the field entirely, while the other dropped "*the cane*" with which he had provided himself, and began to mutter about his dignity, and his never condescending to defend himself upon such occasions, much to the amusement and instruction of all the lookers-on.

THE CALIFORNIA EXHIBITION.

The long pending suit of Cook *vs.* Stevenson, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. Mr. Cook enlisted under Colonel Stevenson for the California campaign, and brought suit before Judge Edmonds for his release, on the ground that the enlistment was illegal. Mr. Cook has been discharged, and by such discharge a precedent, it is said, has been established by which every volunteer in the regiment may, by process of law, be enabled to obtain a clearance from military duty. This is an important decision, and may seriously interfere with the projects of the general government; indeed, it may cause the disbanding of the entire regiment.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.

The rumors that Mr. Bancroft was to leave the Cabinet have been confirmed by his appointment to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States for the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, vice Louis McLane, recalled at his own request. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, is appointed Secretary of the Navy of the United States, vice Hon. George Bancroft, resigned. Judge Mason will act also as Attorney General *ad interim* until his successor in that office shall be appointed and qualified.

BIBLES IN FRANCE.

The following [illegible], showing how little value is attached to the Bible in France, is from an Edinburgh Journal. It will be noticed there was no scarcity of Paul de Kock's novels and similar works—but as for the Bible, no one had it. Why should they? what use would the readers of Eugene Sue, and Paul de Kock have for a Bible? Will not the people of this country take warning from such facts, ere it be too late?

"I happened during the week to have need of a Bible in the French version. I asked a friend who resides in the same house if he had a copy. 'No, indeed he hadn't.' The proprietor of the house, 'Oh! you are joking? Really, haven't got such a thing, never had, and didn't know any body who had.' The porter and his wife—'Monsieur wanted a Bible—what was a Bible?' An acquaintance in the next street—'Never saw a Bible in his life.' A circulating library—'Ha, ha! if Monsieur wanted a novel of Paul de Kock, a la bonne heure; but as to a Bible, it was absurd.'

"Friends and acquaintances, and friends' friends were called upon, one after another, for the desired Bible, but each and all gave the same answer—that they had no Bible—never had a Bible—knew no one who had a Bible—and didn't know where a Bible was to be found, unless in some odd corner of the library of Monseigneur, the archbishop.

"All the circulating libraries in the neighborhood were scoured, but without success—no Bible was to be had. I sent to several booksellers' shops to buy a copy; not one was to be had for the moment, though it could be obtained in a day or two. At last I went to the Bibliotheque Royale, the great public, I may say national library of France, and there, after some difficulty, succeeded in procuring the object of my search. I make no comments on this case."

In connection with the above fact, and as a commentary upon the social condition of the country in which such works as the "Mysteries of Paris" and "Martin, or the Foundling" are the prevailing literature, we would state that, by statistics recently published in Paris, it appears that *nearly one third of the children born in that city are illegitimate.* Americans—ye that are moral and Christian men, reflect, we beg of you upon these things.

LIFE IN PARIS.

A *French* paper relates the following. It is a sample of life in Paris:

"As Dr. ——, of Paris, was returning home on Tuesday, se'n-night, from the Champs Elysees, with his young and pretty wife upon his arm, he was met by a young man, in a great perspiration, and apparently much agitated, who cried out so earnestly, 'Doctor, follow me; a man's life is in danger,' that the Doctor let go his wife's arm, saying that he would return as soon as possible. The young man proceeded towards the Boulevards so rapidly that the Doctor was obliged to call to him to moderate his pace. The young man, however, still kept on, and Dr. D—— soon lost sight of him. Not knowing what to do the Doctor waited a while; but as no one came to intimate where the patient was to be found, he resolved to return home, naturally supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife; and, after various inquiries among the lady's friends without effect, the Doctor applied to the authorities. The investigation which was set on foot gives reason to believe that the lady left Paris the same evening, in company with a foreigner, in the train for Brussels or Ostend. Nothing, however, is yet known of the mysterious affair with any degree of certainty."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The following is part of one of Mr. O'Connell's late speeches at Conciliation Hall. The spirit of it is that of a Christian reformer:

"His principles were peaceable, and he would not accept repeal if obtained by revolution or force, because the moment force was found to be a successful weapon by one party, another was always prepared to start up and use it; so that if they even got repeal by the principles the *Nation* urged, another nation might start up to take it from them. (Cheers.) He would not, therefore, have repeal on any but moral force grounds, for then it would be permanent; but if otherwise, the end of their victory would be a military despotism, or a system of anarchy. Revolutionary warfare had a horrible effect on society. It had the effect of separating husbands from their wives, mothers from their daughters, and brothers from their sisters, and was always mixed up with the confiscation of property (cries of 'hear, hear,') which generally was a transfer of the property of the good and virtuous to the depraved and abandoned. (Cheers.)"

THE DIFFERENCE.

An intelligent merchant of this city told us, the other day, that, some time ago, perceiving a book lying about his store, he picked it up and found it to be the "Quaker City." After reading a few pages he ascertained to what class of works it belonged, and made inquiry among his young men as to who had brought it into the store. At length one of them confessed that he had done so, whereupon his employer, after expressing his opinion that he should read such a book at all, forbade him ever to bring a work of that character upon his premises again. And yet the proprietor of the Courier freely grants the use of his columns to the author of this licentious work, that he may make it known favorably in every household in which the Courier circulates. Oh shame, where is thy blush!

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The 32nd Anniversary of the Battle of North Bend, was celebrated on the 12th instant, in Baltimore, in splendid style. A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette says:

"We have had the finest military parade I ever remember seeing in Baltimore. There were seventeen infantry companies, three rifle do., and six troops of horse in the procession. Each company was fully represented, and all partook of that enthusiastic patriotism which has pervaded the union for some months. The troop of horse from Philadelphia, under command of Captain Fassington, was greatly admired and deservedly praised. The procession after forming, proceeded to Carroll's woods and Mount Clair, where collations were served up, and all partook with hearty zest."

FROM NAUVOO.

We regret to announce that there is still every probability of an open war breaking out between the Anti-Mormons and the new settlers.

At the last advices the former party were only awaiting the arrival of a cannon from St. Louis, to attack Nauvoo. Each party, it is said, numbers about eight hundred men.

Col. John B. Chittenden, who had been captured by the new settlers, and detained for a short time, has been released.

It is astonishing that the State authorities are so recreant to their duty as not to interfere in this crisis, put down the rioters with "the strong hand," investigate the grounds of complaint, and do justice between the two parties.

FELIX M'CONNELL.

The Hon. Felix McConnell, member of Congress from Alabama, committed suicide on Thursday afternoon, September 10th, about half past 2 o'clock, at the St. Charles Hotel, Washington. The weapon used was a pistol, the ball from which entered his brain, and caused almost instant death.

Poor Felix! from all accounts he was a man of a warm and generous heart; but "strong drink" ruined him as it has done many an abler and better man. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, beware lest he fall."

SAMUEL LOVER.

One of our cotemporaries says:

"Mr. Samuel Lover, the poet, novelist, and humorist, is about to appear in New York. He proposes giving a series of 'Irish Evenings.'"

We wonder what "Irish Evenings" are? Are they any thing like Irish *mournings*, sometimes called "wakes?"

A WORD.

We would inform a certain paltry publisher of this city, that we shall not honor him so much as to reply to his malicious falsehoods. It does not suit our purpose to demolish every tomtit that flies across our path—we generally prefer to let them go scott free.

Local Intelligence.

FALSE SCALES.—Peter Conrad, clerk of High street Market, on Thursday week, charged a victualler with using a pair of scales which made in each draft a difference of half a pound against the purchaser. He was fined by Alderman Mitchell, and the scales forfeited.

THE LATE STORM.—The recent gale from the northeast has, it is feared, been the cause of considerable damage to the shipping along our coast. The correspondent of the Exchange at Lewes, Del., mentions a number of vessels as having been driven ashore in that vicinity.

NANTUCKET SUFFERERS.—A public meeting was held on last Monday evening at the County Court House, for the purpose of taking measures for the relief of the sufferers by the recent disastrous fire in Nantucket. The Mayor, Col. John Swift, was called to the chair, and Messrs. Thomas Allibone and George Taber appointed Secretaries. Col. Swift stated the object of the meeting on taking the chair, after which Wm. D. Kelley, Esq., submitted the following resolutions, with some appropriate remarks:

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the inhabitants of *Nantucket*, in the distress occasioned by the almost unparalleled devastation by fire, which has taken place in that town, and we deem their claims to such sympathy, as well as to liberal relief, enhanced by the promptness they have heretofore exhibited, in extending the hand of aid to sufferers by similar calamities in Pittsburg and elsewhere.

Resolved, That we highly approve the mode of distributing funds contributed, which we understand to have been adopted by the selectmen of Nantucket.

Resolved, That the officers of this meeting be requested to nominate Ward or Block Committees, to solicit relief for the sufferers by the said fire, under authority of the Treasurer of this meeting, and to render account to him.

Resolved, That James Mott be elected Treasurer of this meeting for the Nantucket Fund.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. After some remarks, appropriate to the occasion, by Thomas Earle and others, the meeting adjourned.

STAGE ACCIDENT.—The stage between Mount Holly and Camden was accidentally upset a short time ago while coming down Hollingshead's hill, and literally crushed. There were at the time ten or twelve passengers in it, and although the whole were precipitated down a declivity of some eighteen feet, no one was dangerously injured. A lady had an arm dislocated.

☞ We learn that the Weekly Examinations of the Pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, will be resumed on the first Thursday of October next.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The October number of Graham is before us. The first thing that strikes the reader's eye on opening its pages, is a beautiful engraving by Jackman of "The Bride." The Bride is a sweet angelic creature, such as all brides are—especially to the young husband lover. And yet with all her angelic sweetness, we may apply to her the words of the poet:—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Then follows a very elegantly executed Fashion plate, in relation to which we only say—if we *must* have the Fashions, give us Graham's. While a portrait, said to be a very faithful one, of that able but eccentric man, Dr. Reynell Coates, closes the show for this time. The literary matter appears to be very good. As we have not time at present to more than glance over the various articles, we will only say that they are by Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Butler, Kate Dashwood, T. Buchanan Read, Alfred B. Street, "Maria Del Occidente," Mrs. Campbell, &c., &c.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW, OR QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY. *Edited by John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S., F. G. S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of an American edition of this, as we think, truly valuable periodical. Its reputation abroad as a medical work, we have understood, is very high; and though we do not profess to be greatly skilled ourselves in the peculiar matters upon which it treats, yet so far as we are able to judge, we have no hesitation in commending it to the medical public. The American edition is to be an exact reprint of the English one, and will be afforded at the extremely low price of *Three Dollars per annum*.

THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JAMES GRAHAME, THE HISTORIAN OF THE UNITED STATES, VINDICATED FROM THE CHARGES OF "DETRACTION" AND "CALUMNY" PREFERRED AGAINST HIM BY MR. GEORGE BANCROFT AND THE CONDUCT OF MR. BANCROFT TOWARDS THAT HISTORIAN STATED AND EXPOSED. *By Josiah Quincy. Boston: W. Crosby & H. P. Nichols.* Such is the long but expressive title of a pamphlet some one has sent us. We trust, for the honor of our literature, that Mr. Bancroft will be able to vindicate himself from the charges brought by President Quincy. We like not to see such clouds dimming the lustre of the stars in our literary concave—and yet, let justice be done though the whole heaven fall.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET. We have received the October number of this periodical, and recommend it to those of our young friends who are not already provided with a similar publication. The agent is *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Messrs. Zieber & Co. have sent us No. 121 of the Living Age. A periodical that we have often praised, and, were there necessity, would do so again.

Political Intelligence.

☞ At the next Election in New Jersey, Representatives in Congress, as well as members of the House of Assembly and two-thirds of the State Senate are to be elected. The term of the Hon. Jacob W. Miller in the Senate of the United States will expire on the 4th of next March, and the next Legislature will elect his successor.

State Senators are to be chosen for the full term of three years in the following counties:—Passaic, Middlesex, Burlington, Cape May, Sussex and Hunterdon. Of these all but the last two are now represented in the Senate by Whigs. The county of Cumberland has also to elect a Senator for one year, to serve for the unexpired term of the late Mr. Moore. Seven Whig Senators hold over and five Democratic. As the Senate consists of nineteen members, the Whigs must elect three Senators this fall to preserve their majority; the Democrats to obtain a majority must elect five.

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE ILLINOIS ELECTION.—*Governor*—Kilpatrick, Whig, 36,979; Eells, Abolition, 5,147; A. C. French, Democrat, 58,576. *Lt. Governor*—Wilcox, Whig, 35,974; Smith, Abolition, 5,135; Wells, Democrat, 57,421.

The State has gone for a Constitutional Convention by a decided majority.

Vote in 1844: Clay, 45,528; Polk, 57,920; Birney, 3,570.

CONGRESS—FIRST DISTRICT.—The Whig Delegation of the First Congressional District, Pennsylvania, have nominated Edward Joy Morris, Esq., as the Whig candidate for Congress. Mr. Morris represented this District in the 26th Congress; he is an ardent admirer of Mr. Clay, and a warm friend of a Protective Tariff. He was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of [illegible] out of 43 delegates.

LIBERTY PARTY.—This party held its State Convention at Cazenovia, Madison county, N. Y., on the 10th inst., and nominated for Governor Henry Bradley, of Penn Yan; Lieutenant Governor, William L. Chaplin, of Albany; Canal Commissioners, James Sperry, of Monroe, and John Thomas of Cortland county.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.—The Delegates of the Third Congressional District, Penn., met on Monday afternoon, and on the thirty-seventh ballot Charles Brown received 31 votes, and was declared duly nominated the candidate for Congress for that district.

MAINE.—A meeting of Independent Democrats convened at Bangor on the 8th inst., and nominated Gen. Alfred Johnson, of Belfast, for Governor, John L. Hayes, of Brownsville, for Congress, and a Senate ticket for Penobscot county.

GOV. WRIGHT.—Fifty five Democratic papers in the State of New York are out in favor of the renomination of Gov. Wright.

Casualties.

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.—On Saturday week an interesting little girl, daughter of Mr. Stephen McCalla, of Harrisburg, aged between three and four years, came to her death by eating the berries of a very poisonous plant, called *night shade*, after several days of acute suffering.

FIRE.—The splendid new building recently erected by Hildreth & Co., for their Glass Factory at Lockport, New York, was consumed last Thursday week. It had been in operation but three days, and was probably the most extensive establishment of the kind in the State.

☞ Mr. Charles Snyder, of Kingston, Ulster county, New York, feeling unwell, intended to take some peppermint drops, but by mistake swallowed a poison liquid prepared for bugs, from the effects of which he died in twenty-four hours.

FIRE AT WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.—Thirteen houses were destroyed by fire at Williamsburg on last Saturday. Nine of the houses owned by Mr. Henry Wall, were fully insured; the other four, owned by Clarke & Miller, were insured for $500 each.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.—On Thursday week the steamboat Excelsior burst her boiler, just as she was leaving the dock. Immediately after the explosion the boat took fire, and commenced drifting with the tide towards the Battery, where some fifty or sixty small vessels were anchored. The steamboat Columbus immediately went to the assistance of the E., and commenced towing her back to her dock, and had brought her about two-thirds of the way back, when the steamboat Fairfield came in contact with the line and severed it. The burning steamboat then drifted again with the tide, and was proceeding at a fearful rate towards the fleet of schooners aforesaid, when the Hoboken steamboat, John Fitch, took her in tow, and conveyed her to the flats between Ellis Island and the Jersey shore, where she remained and burnt to the water's edge. At the time of the accident there were some forty persons on board, including the passengers and crew. Four persons were injured. One, who was an old man, named Wyant, supposed to belong to Montgomery, Orange county, died immediately from injuries he received. Two more of those wounded were engineers of the boat, and another was a passenger, named William Hall, a ship carpenter, who was going up the river to engage in his trade. The two engineers were brothers, named George and William Van Wart.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A man employed by Nathan Yarnall, in Middletown township, in this county, while engaged in felling a tree, on Wednesday afternoon week, was caught by the tree slipping from the stump, and had his leg severed entirely off below the knee. He fell to the earth, and remained in that position about three quarters of an hour, the tree holding him down by particles of the skin of his leg, and when found he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his painful situation by digging the leaves and earth from about him.—*Delaware Republican.*

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Three children of a family in Orange, N. J., were bitten some time ago by a dog, supposed to be mad, and on Thursday week last, one of them, Harrison Condit, aged 12 years, died. Mr. Samuel Condit's hired men were bitten by the same dog—a pup belonging to the family—which bit the children. No one of the survivors have as yet given any symptoms of hydrophobia.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A PRIEST.—The Rev. Vincent Bacquelin, of the Catholic Church, was killed in Shelby county, Ind., last week, by being thrown from his horse.

DROWNED.—The Alabama papers record the death from drowning, of William Saunders, aged twenty-one years, a nephew of our Minister to Spain.

☞ The Hon. Luther Kidder was severely injured by the upsetting of a stage last week, as he was on his way to attend court at Baltimore.

☞ Fourteen lives were lost at Madison, Indiana, by the late freshet there.

Items of News.

LATER FROM NAUVOO.

The dates from Nauvoo, contained in the Western mail, bring the information that no fight had taken place between the Mormons and Anti-Mormons. Two spies attached to the former party have been seized by the latter and shot.

☞ A libel suit of rather a singular nature was tried in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in Hampden county, last week. The defendant, Mr. David F. Ashley, proprietor of the Springfield Post, had published a fancy sketch about a young man who went to the South, married a mulatto lady for her fortune, abandoned her, returned to the North and married another, and finally had to make over part of his property to the first wife. This was considered personal by the plaintiff (not named) and suit was brought for $3,000 damages. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, but the counsel for the prosecution filed exceptions to the ruling of the judge.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—The Board of Regents, on Tuesday week, was fully organized by the unanimous election of the Hon. George M. Dallas, Vice President of the United States, as Chancellor of the Institution, and the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Hough, one of the Regents, as Secretary of the Institution, whose services are of course gratuitous, and his appointment designed to be temporary, the Board not being prepared at present to make a permanent choice for that office. The Mayor of Washington was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee required by law to be raised, and the Hon. R. D. Owen and Col. Totten associate members thereof.

☞ The Northern papers tell us with much minuteness of detail, that General Wade Hampton—who commanded in Canada against the British during the war of 1812, has, during the present summer, re-visited the Northern Frontier, for the first time since the war. Is there not some very liberal blunder in all this? Is it not *Colonel* Wade Hampton, son of the General—famous on the turf, and a favorite in society—who is a visitor, during the present season, to the Northern Frontier? We suspect that *General* Wade Hampton has been dead fifteen or twenty years at least.—*Charleston Patriot.*

IMPORTANT SEIZURE.—Mr. J. F. Claiborne, the Inspector of live oak for Louisiana, on the 2d inst. made a seizure of lumber, timber cut on lands belonging to the United States, estimated at $6,000 in value. The greatest part of it was found at Lafayette. The penalties incurred by the commission of this offence, on conviction of the party or parties delinquent, are twelve months imprisonment and a heavy fine. The timber, of course, again becomes the property of the Government.

MAGNIFICENT LIBERALITY.—A schooner arrived at Providence harbor from the South, the men were sick, and not one being able to do his duty, the captain resolved to set the vessel adrift, when a noble-hearted young sailor, in spite of the contagion, went on board, and brought the vessel to port; for which act, the company in which the vessel was insured, magnanimously tendered him a present of $20.

WANT OF WATER IN BOSTON.—The Boston Traveller says:—"We are told that there are poor families among us who actually beg of their more favored neighbors the dirty suds which they are about to throw away. Previous to the shower of Tuesday, no rain had fallen here for nine days, and the wells throughout the city, we believe, are very generally low, if not entirely exhausted."

☞ The papers, far and near, have published the story of the shooting of Captain Godfrey Pope of the Kentucky volunteers, by a sentry. The contradiction of the story has not been so current. Capt. Pope was not shot, nor did any occurrence of the kind take place. Within a short time he has resigned his commission, and was, at the last account, at Camargo or on his way thither.

☞ A respectable young lady of Louisville, Ky., has brought suit against a well known wholesale grocery merchant of that city, for promising to take her for "better or worse," and then failing to redeem his "plighted troth." The lady appears to think that it will require $10,000 to heal the damage done to her heart, as she has brought suit in that amount.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune says that the Money Market in that city is very easy. Capital is abundant, and one party offered to loan in the street $100,000 on stocks at 5 per cent. The Banks are discounting all the good paper offered, and want more. In the street, good paper sells easily, but paper with any doubt about it goes with difficulty.

MURDER OF AN OFFICER.—The Louisville papers have intelligence from the army that Capt. W. W. Ball, of the Washington Blues, a volunteer corps from that city, whose disappearance has heretofore been noticed, has been found in a chapparel about three miles from Matamoras, with his throat cut and three stabs in his breast.

SINGULAR VERDICT.—Died suddenly at Syracuse, Mary Ann, wife of Ezra J. Berlin, aged fifteen years. After a post mortem examination, the jury gave as a verdict, "caused by premature marriage." Although her age is put down at fifteen, her appearance indicated that she was not more than 12 or 13 years of age.

☞ From a census recently taken, it appears that Fall River, Mass., contains a population of over 11,000 people. The real estate is estimated at $4,000,000, and the personal property at $2,500,000. This is a flourishing place.

EXPENSIVE.—The calling of the yeas and nays during the last session of Congress, cost in members' pay for the time consumed, $75,000.

☞ The British Minister returned to Washington a day or two ago, from his excursion to Canada and Falls of Niagara.

MACKEREL.—The quantity taken this season compares very nearly with the amount packed on the 19th of September, 1844. The quantity is very considerably less than last year at this time; but the quality of the fish is better. Some few vessels have been very successful; but there will be many poor voyages made this season.—*Yarmouth Register.*

THE PEACE WITH MEXICO.—The Union says of the letter published in the Tribune from Havana, in reference to the terms of treaty with Santa Anna, "we are authorised to state in the most absolute and unqualified manner, that there is not a particle of truth in the whole story. From beginning to end, it is pure fiction; and it is no less absurd than false."

CASTING IRON CANNON BY THE GALVANIC PROCESS.—The late experiments made at Berlin of casting iron cannon by the galvanic-elastic process were so successful that it has been determined to apply it to all the guns in the Prussian fortresses. A sum of 100,000 thalers (375,000 fr.) has already been appropriated towards the execution of the plan.

INCREASE OF TOLLS.—The amount of canal tolls collected at Buffalo, N. Y., during the present season exceeds that of last season by upwards of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. The amount of wheat which has already passed eastward is 400,000 bushels more than was shipped during the whole of last season; of flour, 40,000 barrels more.

SUICIDE.—A German, named Bowers, in Allegheny county, on Monday week, got intoxicated and flogged his wife. She shut the door against him and refused to admit him. He then walked down to the river and drowned himself in water not more than eighteen inches in depth. Perhaps the best thing he could do.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.—Merchants of Liverpool, who wrote letters to Boston on the 19th of July, received answers from Boston in twenty-four days afterwards. The steamship Cambria, on her late outward trip to Liverpool, was only seven days, after losing sight of land at Halifax, before she made land on the other side.

FROM THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.—By an arrival at New York from Demerara, the Georgetown Gazette of the 24th ult. has been received. The Cooley system does not work well. An entire change in the existing rules, for the better management of the Coolies in the West Indies, is, or has been made.

A TARIFF ON THE LADIES.—It is said that the railroad companies down east have resolved to raise the fare upon every lady wearing more than twenty petticoats. The excitement in reference to this matter is becoming very strong, and there is some talk of public indignation meetings in consequence.

☞ Some serious difficulties exist between the Irish laborers on the Northern Railroad, and a battle between the two parties—some 300 on a side—was expected. The Fardowners are determined to drive the Corkonians from the line, and the latter are determined to drive the Far-downers to Canada.

PROGRESS OF LIGHTNING.—The Telegraph Line was connected through the whole distance from New York to Buffalo on Wednesday week, passing through the following stations, viz: Troy, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester and Buffalo, a total distance of 507 miles.

☞ The Will of Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, who died lately at Florence, is an interesting document. It implies that he was enormously rich. Louis Napoleon, the ex-prisoner of Ham, inherits enough to equip another expedition for the imperial crown of France.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—A catalogue of the students of Washington College, Pa., shows that the number of students at present is 175, as follows: Seniors, 35; Juniors, 31; Sophomores, 24; Freshmen, 11; Select Studies, 10; Preparatory and English Departments, 64.

GOING TO RESIGN.—The New Orleans Delta states that the private business of General Houston and the delicate state of the health of his lady, will render his appearance at Washington during the early part of the coming session of Congress almost impracticable.

A NEST DISCOVERED.—An extensive gang of thieves and counterfeiters have been recently discovered in Pope county, Illinois. Some of them were magistrates and other local officers. A body of "Regulators" caught and punished them severely.

PARDON OF ANTI-RENTERS.—Messrs. Tompkins, Burrill, Osterhout and Knap, who were convicted in Delaware County, N. Y., of Anti Rent violations of law, and sentenced to the Sing Sing State Prison, have been pardoned by Governor Wright.

BOSTON EXPORTS.—Five thousand four hundred and thirty-nine bales of domestic goods were exported from Boston during the month of August. Thirty three hundred and twenty-nine tons of ice have been exported during the same period.

☞ Great preparations are making among the printers in Rochester to observe, in a fitting manner, the birthday of Franklin; the design is to invite members of the craft from the whole United States, also veterans in the art from Europe.

FREEMAN, THE MURDERER.—Mr. Seward has made an appeal to Gov. Wright on behalf of Freeman, the murderer of the Van Ness family, on the ground of insanity; but the Governor has refused to interfere with the sentence.

FATAL AFFRAY.—A few days ago, in an affray at Vicksburg, Col. Wilkinson was shot and killed by Col. W. B. Minor. Edward Wilkinson, his son, was fatally wounded in the same affray, which originated from a law suit.

IMPROVEMENT.—Heretofore, in the cutting and boring of glass, emery, sulphate of copper, &c., were used with the instruments. Now a solution of camphor and turpentine is used with the same effect in boring glass.

TELEGRAPH TO CANADA.—There is a strong likelihood that the Magnetic Telegraph will be extended from the United States to Montreal and Quebec. A gentleman in the former city has offered to construct it for £5,000.

IRON IN BUILDINGS.—Iron window sills and caps are being introduced into the new buildings being erected at Richmond, Va. The use of it for most purposes of building where wood is now used will be universal.

RELIGION AT NASHVILLE.—A new Presbyterian Church was dedicated at Nashville on Sunday week last. It cost $41,000. A revival is progressing in the Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian churches of that city.

☞ The South Carolina papers complain very much of the depredations of the caterpillar on the growing cotton. The Florida papers also speak of its injuries on the crop in that State as being very great.

LABORERS WANTED.—The contractors at Portland, for the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, advertise for five hundred laborers, with a prospect of steady work for one or two years at a dollar per day.

BACK AGAIN.—The Alexandria Gazette has placed at its head the coat of arms of the State of Virginia, in token of the separation of that city and county from the District of Columbia.

☞ On Monday evening of last week, Mrs. Crawshaw, wife of Mr. Mark Crawshaw, of Pottsville, Pa., while in the yard attached to their house, fell down and expired almost instantly.

☞ The question of "Free Churches" is agitated in Providence, R. I., and the interior arrangements are discussed. One writer says "that conversions never take place in the galleries."

THE COTTON CROP.—The Bayou Sara Ledger is of opinion that there has been more noise than wool in the complaints of the ravages of the worm.—*New Orleans Bee, Sept. 2.*

☞ Mary Dickson, a beautiful and intelligent girl, took laudanum at Cincinnati, on the 3d inst. and died. She was the victim of misplaced confidence.

SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION.—The Schuylkill is now open as far as Reading. Six Union Canal boats passed down by Laurel Hill on Friday week.

☞ An Experiment is now in progress in Connecticut, to manufacture cigars by the same machinery used in making pins.

☞ One thousand two hundred and sixty-nine miles of Magnetic Telegraph are now in operation in the United States.

☞ Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, will probably succeed Mr. King at the French court.

☞ The Hon. Louis McLane was off a visit to the seat of government on Friday week.

RATHER COOL.—There was quite a frost at Lowell, on Thursday week.

☞ Major General Taylor has been elected a member of the New York State Society of the Cincinnati. It is an honor but seldom granted and is therefore the more valuable.

☞ The white females exceed the males in the city of Wilmington, Del., 476; the colored females exceed the males 317. Total number of females over males in the city, 793.

A BAD LIMB OF THE LAW.—Oscar F. A. Woolworth, a young lawyer of Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., has been detected in forging promissory notes and committed to prison.

EXPENSIVE FOLLY.—Rev. Mr. Dean, Baptist Missionary, states that the Chinese are supposed to spend annually $360,000,000 for incense to burn before their idols.

SCARCITY OF WATER.—The [illegible] are complaining of water being as scarce as milk. This, when the thermometer is ranging between 80 and 100, is no joke.

☞ The New York Tribune learns from Boston of the failure of an old Jobbing House, thirty-five years in business, for $300,000. It created considerable feeling.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune says,—"There have been shipments of specie this month, and considerable amounts are coming in daily from various parts of the interior."

TREASURY NOTES.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 3d inst., says that United States Treasury notes have been sold in that city at four per cent discount.

BULLION.—Gold is imported to London from St. Petersburg at the rate of half a million of dollars annually. The mines of Russia are greatly on the increase.

☞ One case of yellow fever occurred at New Orleans on the 1st instant. The victim was a German, and was the first person attacked this season.

☞ "Family Ties," the prize comedy written for Dan Marble, by Mr. Field, of the St. Louis Reveille, and Mr. Robb, has been well received in St. Louis.

☞ Hon. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, it is said, will be appointed Attorney General of the United States, in the place of Judge Mason.

SAVE YOUR EYES.—The Medical Journal advises people who wish to preserve their eyes not to read in railroad cars when in motion.

AN INDEFATIGABLE CORPS.—The St. Louis Era says there are at least two hundred regular bred rogues in that city at present.

SICK.—The Hon. A. P. Bagby, U. S. Senator from Alabama, is confined to his lodgings in Washington by an attack of bilious fever.

☞ Gov. Felch, of Michigan, has offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of Tanner, the murderer of Schoolcraft.

☞ Senator Cameron recently declined the compliment of a Public Dinner tendered him by some citizens of Danville.

☞ The horse distemper has appeared among the horses in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. J.

☞ Hon. Elijah Whittlesey has been appointed to the general agency of the Washington Monument Association.

☞ Mr. Edwin Forrest arrived in New York on Thursday week in the packet ship Rochester from Liverpool.

☞ The Horse Cholera has extended to Staten Island, where the horses are dying of it in great numbers.

From the Seat of War

LATEST FROM THE ARMY.

The New Orleans Delta of the 5th instant, says:

"We have been permitted to peruse a letter from General Taylor, dated Camargo, August 4th. The letter states that he had sent on [illegible] mules, [illegible] wagons and 11,000 rations, and that he would himself move on the 1st or 4th instant for Monterey—that if the enemy did not give him fight there he would push on to Saltillo, and there arrange his plans for a future and more forward movement."

We have later dates, received by another arrival at New Orleans. The troops were still advancing, but were unsuccessful in their search for the enemy.

The boiler of the steamboat Enterprise has been blown up on the Rio Grande, and J. C. Howard, of Baltimore, a sutler, badly scalded. Several others were hurt also.

A correspondent of the Ledger, under date of August 8th, writing from Camp Belknap opposite Barita says:

"By the arrival at this place of the steamer 'Big Hatchee,' we have received some later intelligence from that place, as also some news about the defunct Mexican army. The news from all is very near the same as I have before sent you. Every body, officers, soldiers and citizens, are of opinion that there is now going on a secret negotiation between the two governments, and that hostilities must soon cease, if indeed they did not terminate in the brilliant victory of the Resaca de la Palma. I have already advised you of the mission to Mexico of the renowned Com. A. S. McKenzie. This gentleman, after he left us, [illegible] he had a long interview with General Taylor, and it is said that the next day he proceeded, under a strong escort, to Jalapa, from which place he was to address the Mexican government.

"It is also stated, I know not how truly, that that government had sent two Commissioners to Gen. Taylor. These left their 'talk' in the General's quarters, and left the city the same day to overtake Com. McKenzie if possible. Nothing has as yet transpired as to the nature of these commissions. Taylor very wisely keeps his own counsel in these matters.

"The second item of news refers to the Mexican army. There are said to be 1,400 men under Canales, about 10 miles above Reynosa, and this they say is the entire number that can be rallied, who were not in the actions of the 8th and 9th of May last. There is also a party of [illegible] almost as strong, who are encamped about [illegible] miles higher up. These are [illegible] horsemen, having never [illegible] powder.

"There are also a party of cavalry about the number, who are stationed, but who are supposed to be watching the U. S. troops at Reynosa. They have been seen several times by the troops of the place, but scamper like rats when they see a Yankee. This is the total, so far as I can learn, of the troops in Northern Mexico.

"Jack Hays, the Texian and the bravest of the brave, was killed in a tavern in Matamoras by a Mexican on account of a woman. He was stabbed in the neck with a bowie knife, which severed the jugular vein. Walker and twenty men immediately went in pursuit of the assassin. They had not returned when the Big Hatchee left. I have no time to say more. The man was a dead man."

POSTSCRIPT.

STILL LATER FROM MEXICO.

Santa Anna has addressed a letter to the people of Mexico. Nothing is said in it about peace. It is more moderate than Mexican state papers usually are towards the United States. It is said that Gen. Santa Anna, when the Arab was boarded by an officer of the St. Mary's, was in his berth, with his handsome wife [illegible] to the officer's arrival, and he came on deck in a loose wrapper. A pass was exhibited to the officer signed by the American Secretary of State, and of course he was allowed to pass. We have this information exclusively, says the New York Telegraph, and it is important.

UNFORTUNATE EXPLOSION.

The boiler of the steamboat Enterprise burst on the 21st ult., about forty five miles above Reynosa. There were over one hundred and fifty persons on board, many of whom were scarcely injured in the least. The following is a list of the sufferers:

Killed.—Enoch Tucker, A. Coswell, Texas; Mr. Stephens, Texas, Thomas Gaufney, N. York, second cook, a stranger, name unknown.

Badly Wounded.—Lieut. Deering, of the Louisville Legion; Wm. A. Crock, C. B. Creek, Texas, Captain Woods, Wm. Gary, Jacob Bowerige, Thomas Edgar, Texas; J. C. Howard, sutler, Baltimore; Joseph Ogleby, Mr. Hickey, sutler, Louisville Legion; Thos. Henepee, Samuel Martin, Patrick Kelly, Frank Tallant, deck hand; J. F. Clark, mate.

Slightly Wounded.—Miles Cunningham, Jas. Wilson, Texas; J. Wheeler, J. Homerick, Mathew [illegible], Christian Coleman, Texas; J. Downing, Mr. Adams, sutlers, Louisville Legion; Alfred Newell, clerk; Capt. Kelsey, Conn.; W. Hobbies, Brown, Drury A. [illegible], mate; Dr. H. B. [illegible].

There was a rumor at Matamoras that Monterey had already fallen into the hands of the Americans. It is probably premature.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardiner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Brewer.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson,* for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, R. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September,* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Halsey,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 16, 1843.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

BOLD OUTRAGE AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—The Lancaster, Mass. Courant of the 11th inst., gives the following statement:

"Our citizens were thrown into the greatest consternation this morning, by the fact, that an attempt had been made to rob and murder the cashier of the Lancaster Bank, Mr. C. T. Symmes. It appears from the testimony of Mrs. Symmes, that about two o'clock she was awakened by her husband who spoke to her, when by a light which the burglar had brought into the room, they both perceived a man, with his back toward them, at work at the bureau. The villain immediately turned and caught Mr. S. by the throat, telling him to give him that hundred dollars. (Deacon Parker, of Southborough, had paid Mr. S. this money the previous evening, and in the presence of the assassin.)

"A violent scuffle ensued between them, which lasted some ten minutes, during which time the burglar made an attempt to kill Mr. S. with a razor by cutting his throat. He succeeded in inflicting a very severe wound in the right side of the throat, about three inches long, striking the windpipe, barely escaping the jugular vein and carotid artery. Mrs. S. also received a cut upon the throat about two inches long, as well as several others of a slight nature about her arms and person, of which there is no danger of loss of life. Mr. S. is very much exhausted, but will probably recover.

"Mr. S. succeeded in getting one or more of the villain's fingers into his mouth, which he bit with such force as to loosen all his front teeth. This is the only clue to his detection as yet.

"The scoundrel is well known to both Mr. and Mrs. S., but neither of them will now tell his name, as they both took a solemn oath not to say who it was, if he would spare their lives. We trust they will yet be led to a sense of their obligations to society—to the well being and security of the world—and not thus stand as a shield between the criminal and that punishment which he so richly merits.

"Yesterday afternoon Mr. Symmes, having become satisfied that his oath of secrecy was not binding on his conscience, disclosed the name of the villain—it is Otto Sator. He is a German, and came to Lancaster from New York about a year and a half ago. He is 21 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height, light complexion, florid, round face, sunburnt, and speaks with a German accent. The Directors of the Bank have offered a reward of $500 for his capture."

THE SUGAR CROP.—The New Orleans Times publishes the following statement of the sugar crops of Louisiana for the last sixteen years:

		Hogsheads.			*Hogsheads.*
Crop of	1845,	187,100	Crop of	1837,	65,000
"	1844,	200,000	"	1836,	70,000
"	1843,	100,000	"	1835,	30,000
"	1842,	140,000	"	1834,	100,000
"	1841,	90,000	"	1833,	75,000
"	1840,	87,000	"	1832,	70,000
"	1839,	115,000	"	1829,	48,000
"	1838,	70,000	"	1828,	88,000

In regard to the growing crop, the Times says: —"The prospects for the growing crop are not considered as favorable as they were at the same time last year, and when it is borne in mind that the yield then promised to exceed that of any former season, whilst the result shows a virtual deficit of 13,000 hhds., as compared with the crop of 1844, it is a sufficient proof of the very precarious nature of the cultivation in this climate. In consequence of the cold and wet spring, accompanied by continual rain in the early part of August, the plant is actually backward, and is thus more exposed to the influence of an early frost; but the increased quantity of new lands placed under cultivation, will compensate, as is generally conceded, for any deficiency arising from that score; whilst, with a late and favorable season, the crop may exceed that of last year. The rattoon cane is bad, and will yield poorly, whilst the plant cane, more especially in Attakapas, is represented as unusually good."

☞ The following extract from the Galveston News shows that the war is putting money in the purse of the people of Texas:

"*It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.*"—We are gratified to learn that our fellow citizens of the West, after having suffered the burthen of a predatory war for so many years, are at last deriving some advantage from this annexation war, as it is sometimes called. A gentleman who has had opportunities for obtaining very correct information, gives it as his opinion that the Government of the United States is now disbursing among the inhabitants of the Guadalupe and vicinity, at least $2000 per day for wagons, provisions, cattle, horses, &c., and that before the Chihuahua expedition leaves San Antonio for the interior, they will have left behind them from $300,000 to $500,000, as a permanent addition to the currency of the West. This is one of the "contingencies of annexation" of which they will not complain. And another will be that many of those who thus visit this beautiful country as volunteers, will be certain to remain, at the end of the war, as permanent settlers. This distribution of the public money is made among the poorer and more laborious classes, where it is most needed, and will contribute most to the general prosperity of the country."

LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA.—A letter from Evansville, Ia., to the Baltimore Sun, relates a most aggravated case of lynching which occurred within ten miles of that place, a few weeks since. The letter says:

"A merchant finding five hundred dollars less in his safe than he left there, suspected the money was stolen by a man who deposited that amount with him some months before. He then proposed to his clerk to take him to an island in the Ohio, and give him as many lashes as he required to produce a confession. The old man was tied by the neck to a tree, and then received, as some thought, five hundred (probably three or four hundred) lashes. His cries were hushed by drawing the rope tightly around his neck, his toes touching the ground. He bore it nobly, and told them to kill him, but that he would never acknowledge himself a thief. He was proved innocent by an alibi, and the money paid to him the second day after. Great excitement prevails. The guilty parties are highly respectable, and can well afford to pay the high cost which their act of lynching will cost them."

THE COAL TRADE FOR 1846.—The quantity sent this week reaches 22,339 13 tons, being a little less than last week. Railroad cars, which were very scarce a few weeks since, are now quite plenty.

The demand continues fair for Red Ash Coal, for household use—and some kinds of White Ash are in fair demand.

Two or three White Ash Collieries suspended operation during the week—while others are making preparations to resume again, on a moderate scale,—provided they can effect sales.

The Philadelphia Commercial List, of the 5th inst., states that while Pennsylvania White Ash Coal is dull of sale, supplies of Picton Coal are coming in freely at the eastward, and one factory at Taunton, Mass., has contracted for 10,000 tons, and one at Fall River for 6,000 tons, which are to come in under the new duty.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—The following is the quantity of Coal sent to market up to the 7th inst:

	Week.	Total.
Summit Mines,	6,300 00	103,734 00
Rhume Run,	2,900 00	74,745 00
Beaver Meadow,	2,532 00	52,164 00
Hazleton,	3,100 00	50,924 00
Buck Mountain,	1,876 00	27,148 00
Summit,	367 00	7,573 00
Wyoming,	562 00	2,233 00
Total,	18,645 00	327,781 00

Pottsville Journal.

THE RANDOLPH SLAVES.—The removal of a large number of manumitted slaves, belonging to the estate of John Randolph, to the State of Ohio, and the refusal of the citizens to allow them to settle there, have led to serious proceedings. On learning that a meeting of residents of Mercer county had been held, at which it was resolved that unless the negroes leave the county before the first day of March next, force would be used to expel them, Gov. Bartley has issued a proclamation, calling upon all ministerial officers to execute the laws and protect persons and property, the State from insult and contumely, and relieve the State authorities of the unpleasant duty of resorting to more summary measures for the restoration of peace in the State, and justice to individuals within said county. He further enjoins that if the negroes have violated any law, or disturbed the peace, or trespassed upon the rights of others, the legal remedy must be applied, but not unlawful violence indulged.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE IRON MANUFACTURE.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Thursday says:

"A few days since we mentioned the complete success of Messrs. Wilkeson, Wilkes & Co., of the 'Mahoning Iron Works,' in manufacturing pig metal with raw coal. We now see by the Akron Beacon that Messrs. Vinton, Lewis, Reese & Co., of the Cambria Iron Works, situate on the Cross Cut Canal, in Summit county, Ohio, have also succeeded in the same enterprise. The capacity of this furnace is said to be three feet wider in the boshes than any furnace west of the Allegheny Mountains, of the latest and most approved model, and provided with a fine engine. The pigs daily produced have been pronounced equal to the Hanging Rock pig, and resemble very much the celebrated pig iron made in Bleanavon and Llanelly, South Wales.

"Mr. Vinton, lately from England, is manager. We are pleased to learn that no Sabbath work is done at this Furnace."

INTERESTING SLAVE CASE.—A slave case of much interest was decided in Woodville, Va., at the late term of the Supreme Court. It was the case of negro Kitty Payne and her children, who had been brought to Virginia, by Samuel Maddox, from Adams county, Pa., and claimed by him as his slaves. The case came up on a feigned issue before the Supreme Court to try the question of their freedom. The result of the trial was that the Court rendered a special verdict, that the negro woman and her children were equitably entitled to their freedom, but that a further proceeding would be necessary to remove certain legal disabilities, that prevented the Court now awarding it to them. Of course, these proceedings will be instituted and the negroes set free.

SINGULAR BEHAVIOUR.—The Rev. Mr. Fauquar was recently before a magistrate in Louisville for attempting to kiss the wife of a young Frenchman. He had visited the house of this young gentleman as a gatherer of rents. The husband was not at home, and the wife not having the wherewith to satisfy the demand for the rent, the agent levied a distress upon her person, got a judgment in his own mind, and was about taking out execution. At the thought of being thus unceremoniously treated, the lady shrieked for help. The minister, however, was inexorable, nor did he flinch from his purpose until a neighbor hearing the cries of the unfortunate tenant, came to her relief. He was held to bail for one year, in the sum of $200.

INCREASE OF EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE.—The New York Tribune says that among the exports of domestic produce from that port since January 1st, eight months, have been 594,211 barrels of flour against 173,381 last year same time; 60,088 barrels of meal against 18,215; 563,187 bushels corn against 81,086; 525,332 bushels wheat against 5,902; 49,094 barrels pork against 19,574; 46,087 barrels beef against 33,136; 29,109 kegs butter against 21,791; 4,146 casks, 59,935 boxes cheese against 4,738 casks and 42,533 boxes; 5,607 casks of tallow against 4,530, and 29,318 casks of ashes against 13,780 casks. The increase in the exports of breadstuffs, it will be noticed, is very large.

A MATCH FOR SATAN.—It is related that a lady in Hungary, who was annually accustomed to visit Pesth, on the "Fete de Dieu," bringing with her an only daughter, a lovely child of seven or eight years, missed her in the crowd, and after a fruitless search was compelled to return without her. Another year had elapsed when on another visit to the place she discovered the child blind and in rags, bitterly crying and holding out a wooden bowl for alms. It appeared she was in charge of an old woman or hag, who sat behind her, and who had decoyed the child from her mother and put out her eyes, for the purpose of employing her the more successfully in begging.

SANTA FE TRADE.—A letter written at Independence, Missouri, on the 26th of August, and published in the St. Louis Republican, furnishes some statistical details of the trade to Santa Fe and the Southern Mexican provinces, which is much greater this year than any former one, owing mainly to the closing of the ports on the seaboard. Thirty-nine companies of traders have gone out this season, taking with them four hundred and thirteen wagons, which are in the charge of about eighteen hundred men. The value of the goods carried out by these traders, is estimated at nearly a million of dollars.

SINGULAR.—It is stated that the government is indebted for all that is known by them relative to the important proceedings of our Navy and American residents in California, by which that great territory is said to have become "annexed," to despatches received by the British Minister in Washington. The British Admiral was in doubt, what he should do under the circumstances, and hurried on the news to ask advice of Mr. Pakenham, and of the Governor General of Canada. Despatches, therefore, have been sent to the Governor of Canada and to England by the last steamship.

A SINGULAR CASE IN CHANCERY.—A gentleman in Gardner, Mass., two years since, went into bankruptcy before Jared Weed, Esq., of Petersham, and an assignee was appointed by his creditors, who lately settled the estate, by paying 86½ cents on the dollar. The costs, had they been added to the dividend, would have swelled it to one hundred and twenty-seven cents on the dollar—or had the *bankrupt* settled the estate, his creditors would have been paid in full, and he had twenty-seven per cent of his estate over and above all his debts.

ARREST OF A MAYOR.—The Mayor of New York was arrested on Friday week and held to bail in the sum of $500, damages being laid at $5,000, at the suit of a mock auction storekeeper. The Mayor had ordered a man to place in front of the mock auction store, a large placard, "*Beware of Mock Auctions.*" The consequence was that the Peter Funks could do no business, and the suit is brought to recover damages on the ground of the Mayor's interference. The Mayor still keeps the placard displayed for the benefit of the green ones.

DISGRACEFUL.—At Mackinaw on the 21st ult., one of the soldiers who arrived there from Buffalo, entered the tent of a Chippewa Indian, about 12 o'clock at night, with base designs on a young woman. The mother defended her daughter, when the fellow so brutally beat her for interfering, that she died in intense suffering. He was pointed out from among all his comrades, by an Indian, and arrested, and will no doubt find to his sorrow, that of the American soldier better things are expected than of the Mexican.

☞ There is a woman now living in Monroe, N. Y., who is 107 years old. [Is that all?] When 98 years old, this gay lasse married her 5th husband.—*Ex.*

PERILOUS SITUATION.—We find the following in the Pittsburg Journal. The person alluded to must have been in a more dangerous situation than the man who was suspended at the top of a lightning rod by his thumb, an account of which was published in the papers a week or two since. The distance from the bridge to the surface of the water is at least thirty feet. The Journal says: "Allen Stevens was found hanging by one foot from the old Allegheny bridge, by the members of the William Penn engine, on their return from the false alarm of fire between one and two o'clock this morning. He was relieved from his perilous situation with great difficulty. How long he had hung in that position is not known. After having revived a little he was carried home. Dr. Reynolds promptly responded to the call upon him for assistance."

UNLUCKY SLIP.—The schooner Portia, of Baltimore, from Turk's Island for New York, put into Norfolk a few days ago on account of head winds. While in Hampton Roads, Capt. Kirwan boarded the steamboat from Norfolk for Baltimore, for the purpose of sending to the owners of the vessel two bags of specie. In the act of transferring them to the steamboat, one of the bags, supposed to contain $2,100, slipped overboard and sunk in four fathoms water. Persons have been sent to recover it.

THE ACT OF GRACE.—The new Pontiff, by the customary act of grace, has released twelve hundred prisoners, charged with political offences, from their dungeons. This mercy was received with great enthusiasm and applause by the Romans. Considering the limited population of Rome, twelve hundred is a large number of victims to the government. The United States has not a single human being in prison for a political offence.

A CURIOSITY.—A map of the State of Pennsylvania, wrought in lace—in which the towns, counties, rivers, &c., are all distinctly shown, each county being worked in a style of lace different from those adjoining—may be seen at the Female Institute of Mr. Burns, in Baltimore. This unique piece of female ingenuity is the work of one of the ladies of the Institute, and contains fifty five different kinds of lace work.

☞ The New York Express says that a very dangerous counterfeit was discovered on Wednesday week. A bill of $1,000, on the Chemical Bank, was received from St. Louis. It was struck from a new plate, in good keeping with the issues of the Chemical Bank, countersigned at Albany according to the new law, and all done with skill. The Bank never has issued bills larger than a hundred dollars.

☞ The South Carolina papers are discussing with some warmth, the expediency of transferring the appointment of Presidential Electors from the Legislature to the people. South Carolina is the only State in which the people are not permitted to vote in a Presidential election. The Charleston Mercury warmly resists the proposed change.

ELIZABETH MARTIN.—The story about the Hutchinsons having made $30,000, by giving concerts in England, is "all in your eye."—*Boston Post.*

Miscellaneous News.

WEST, THE PAINTER.—A correspondent at Lancaster, speaking of the notice in the Ledger, a few days ago, of a painting by West, says he had a conversation with a relative of the father of the late Judge Henry, who, it is said, discovered the germs of genius in the youthful West, and with commendable foresight and discernment, furnished him with paints, brushes, &c., and thus gave the *impetus* to his future eminence as an artist. The painting is unquestionably a production of West's—his first attempt in a regular way, and has a long time been in possession of Mr. H.'s family.

The following anecdotes from the same source are interesting. The first shows the manner in which the genius of the young West was first displayed. "One day (whilst in the yard attached to Mr. Henry's dwelling) he took a piece of charcoal and sketched upon the whitewashed fence a ship under full sail, with such remarkable accuracy, that Mr. Henry at once furnished him with the necessary materials to 'go ahead,' and that he *did go ahead* is a matter of history."

The fact mentioned in the next may surprise. "Mr. Henry, long before Fulton made any noise in the world, constructed, by way of experiment, a small steamboat, which he ran successfully on the Conestoga, at this city. At this period he and the astronomer, Rittenhouse, became engaged in an attempt to discover a mode of finding latitude and longitude at sea, and this new undertaking completely swamped the steamboat. If I be not in great error, Fulton was then apprenticed to the saddler's business in this place."—*Public Ledger.*

THE OLD TIMES.—Old times won't be beaten by modern lightning. The Pittsburg American, noticing the story of a marriage by Telegraph, says: "A marriage not unlike it actually occurred in this neighborhood in the early settlement of the West. We do not now recollect the names of the parties, but the officiating magistrate was George Wallace, Esq., the original proprietor of Braddock's fields, which was the scene of the occurrence. A bridal party of the interior had set out for the residence of Judge Wallace. On arriving at the river they found it in high flood. To their call for a boat, they were answered that all the boats had been carried away by the river in its rise. Anybody, in early times, could distinguish a bridal, from any other party. Understanding at once their object, the judge made signs to the couple to stand up; what he could not express by words to be heard at that distance, he made intelligible by signs, and with a voice as loud as he could raise it, pronounced them man and wife. The party afterwards jocularly remarked that "wife" was all that could be heard. They were a respectable couple, and lived long and happily together, with no other than this truly backwoods ceremony of marriage."

WITCHES.—The following scraps are taken from Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, volume 2d.

"In 1673, Eunice Cole was tried, and the jury found her not legally guilty, but there were strong grounds to suspect her of familiarity with the devil."

"Mary Osgood says, further, that she was carried through the air to Five Mile Pond, and baptized by the devil. Questions: How many persons were on the pole? Answer: Four, as I named before."

"Wardwell also confessed, but he recanted and suffered. His own wife, as well as his daughter, accused him and saved themselves."

"Giles Cory, seeing the fate of all those who put themselves on trial, refused to plead. *He was pressed to death.*"

In Winthrop's Journal it is stated, that "at this court, one Philip Ratliff, a servant of Mr. Chaddock, being convicted of using the most foul, scandalous invectives against our churches and government, was sentenced to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished from the plantation, which was presently executed."

PUMPING THE WATER OF LAKE MICHIGAN.—It is well known to our readers, says the Pittsburg Gazette, that by an arrangement with the English bond-holders, the State of Illinois has given over to them the unfinished canal from the waters of Lake Michigan at Chicago to the Illinois river. They are about completing it, but the principal difficulty now is to supply it with water, owing to the level of the lake being *eight feet* below the bottom of the canal. To overcome this the present Company, after various propositions, finally bethought themselves of raising the water of the lake so as to supply the canal. They wrote to Messrs. Knap & Totten, of this city, and furnished them with data to calculate whether it could be done, and what force and what machinery would accomplish it. These gentlemen soon furnished an answer, and the other day received in return an order to build some powerful machinery for the purpose—a steam engine and eight pumps of four and a half bore and six feet stroke.

"THREE CHEERS"—*Ludicrous Scene.*—One Sunday, recently, during the high mass at 12, in the village of Glentariff, Ireland, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, who was on his knees, and whispered to him, "three *chairs* for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, who was rather an ignorant man, stood up and shouted out to the congregation, "three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumb-founded.

☞ The New Jerusalem Church Convention, sat in session on the 4th and 5th instant, at Portland. Professor Bush was there, and lectured. Eight clergymen of other sects have united with the New Church during the past year.

MISSIONS.—The American Board of Missions commenced its Annual Meeting at New Haven, on the afternoon of Tuesday week. We learn from the Report that the number of Missions is 26, embracing 93 stations, with 134 missionaries and 209 female and other assistant missionaries, in all 343, sent from this country. Associated with these are twenty native preachers and 130 native helpers, making the whole number supported by the Board 494. Under the care of the missionaries are 73 churches, gathered by their labors; to which 1,500 members have been added during the year, and which embrace 24,824 converts from heathenism. The missionaries also have the care of 7 seminaries for educating native preachers, embracing 487 students; 34 boarding schools with 1,847 pupils; 602 free day schools with more than 29,000 pupils—whole number of pupils 31,405. Besides these various and abundant labors, the missionaries had the care of 15 printing establishments, with 32 presses and 40 fonts of types, and furnished for printing in 27 languages; and the whole number of pages printed during the year is about 40 millions, or about 400,000 copies of books and tracts. The Opening Address was delivered in the Centre Church by Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford.

THE CROPS OF MARYLAND.—The editor of the American Farmer states that he has been induced to believe, from the best information to be gained, that the wheat crop of Maryland is considerably less than an average one, and that the tobacco crop will not reach two-thirds of a crop. The oat crop is unusually large. Rye better than usual—the hay crop abundant beyond comparison—and the corn crop unusually good in most parts of the State.

EXPEDITION TO SANTA FE.—The news from Gen. Kearney's force is far from encouraging. He will suffer nothing from an enemy in the field, but lack of provisions is likely to render the expedition abortive, and to produce the greatest suffering among his forces. They are said now to be on half-rations. If they are now on half rations, what is likely to be their condition six weeks hence beyond the then impassable prairies?—*Mirror.*

☞ We believe the inventor of the Carpet Power Loom, which is now working such a revolution in the manufacture of carpets, is a Massachusetts man—Mr. Erastus Bigelow, of Lancaster, Worcester county. As a mechanical genius, he has few if any superiors in this or any other country. He is also the inventor of a Loom for weaving coach lace and other fabrics.—*Springfield Repub.*

☞ The Packet Line between Baltimore and Wilmington, N. C., established about twelve months since, has met with success. As yet only two vessels are on the line; but two more will be added, we understand, in a short time. This increase in the number is rendered necessary by the constantly growing business beween North Carolina and Baltimore.

ROBBERY.—The Louisville Courier, of the 7th says—"A passenger on the Ben Franklin, No. 7, from Alabama, was relieved of some $1,200, on the morning of the 6th, by his room-mate, who made tracks immediately on securing the prize. It is supposed the scamp left in the Nashville stage."

☞ The editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says he has a project for connecting the old and new worlds by telegraph, and he proposes to lay it before Congress at its next session. He says he has very little doubt of the practicability of the scheme!!

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The demand for flour continues, with considerable firmness in prices. We now quote sales at $4,25a4,31 for good fresh ground; $3,94a4,12 for old stock; and extra family flour at $4¼a4½. There is little doing in rye flour and corn meal—the former is selling at $3¼, and the latter is held at $2¾a2⅞ for Pa. and $2⅞ for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—Wheat has advanced, and large sales are making at 88a91c for southern, and 93c for white. The last sale of rye was at 65c. Corn has slightly improved; good southern yellow 58a59c, and 59a60c for Pa. and white 53a54c. Oats are steady at 31c for good southern.

PROVISIONS.—There is but little inquiry for western pork, but holders are firm at $9a9,50 for mess and $7,75a8 per bbl, for prime. Beef is inactive at former rates. Bacon—Demand moderate, with sales of western hams at 5½a6, and canvassed at 8a9c. 5a5¼ for sides, and 3½a4 for shoulders, according to quality and condition. Lard is only in moderate request, at 6½a6⅞c. Butter and cheese are steady in price, with small sales.

BEESWAX.—The market is very dull. A sale of 250 lbs good yellow at 26½a27c.

CANDLES.—Sperm are steady in price, with small sales. Tallow is also without change.

COFFEE.—The demand has been quite limited this week, and we only hear of the sales of about 1500 bags, at 7a7½ for Laguayra, and 7a7½c for Rio, on the usual credit.

COTTON.—The demand has materially fallen off this week, but holders evince no disposition to accept lower rates, and the sales, which reach only 480 bales, have been at full rates.

Inferior,	5½ a 6
Ord. to Good Ordinary,	6½ a 6¾
Middling to Good Mid.	7 a 7½
Mid. Fair to Fair,	8 a 8½
Fully Fair to Good Fair,	9 a 9½
Good and Fine,	9¾ a10½

COPPER.—A sale of new sheathing at 23c.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—We have no new feature to notice in the market this week.

FEATHERS.—Are in moderate demand. Sales of 5000 lbs fair to good western at 28a30c.

FISH.—There is a moderate demand for mackerel, but prices have declined, in consequence of increased supplies coming forward.

FRUIT.—We have no sales of magnitude to notice this week.

GUANO.—Small sales at $35a38 per ton.

HEMP.—The demand continues extremely limited. A sale of western at $94 per ton, on time.

HIDES.—We hear of no operations this week.

HOPS.—Small sales of first sort at 16½a17c.

IRON.—The market continues very inactive at the late decline in pig metal, and no sales have transpired this week.

MOLASSES.—The stock of Cuba has been considerably increased this week, and 6a700 hhds Havana and Matanzas have been disposed of on the wharf on terms not communicated.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been but little doing in articles under this head.

OILS.—Linseed is worth 59a61c in casks and barrels, with small sales. Sperm and whale are steady in price with limited transactions.

PLASTER.—The demand is improving, and we note several cargo sales at $2,37½a2,44 per ton, which is a further decline.

RICE.—Sales to a moderate extent at 3½a3¾c per lb. The stock is light in first hands.

SALT.—Further sales of 9800 bushels Turks Island at 27c. A cargo was shipped to a neighboring market supposed on owners' account.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed has been in request and good and prime qualities, which continue scarce, are firm at $4,75a5 per bushel, with small sales. Flaxseed is worth $1 18a1 20 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—French brandy continues in limited request at $2a2,95 for Bordeaux, and $2,05a2,10 for Rochelle.—Gin is worth $1,35a1,40. N. E. rum is dull at 27a28c. Whiskey has been selling at 20a22c in hhds and bbls.

SUGARS.—The market has presented no material variation either in price or demand since our last weekly review, and we have to note the sales of about 5a600 hhds New Orleans at 6½a7½, and some at 7½c, 300 tcs and bbls clarified do, at a price not reported, and 150 hhds Porto Rico at 7½c, all on time.

TALLOW.—Continues steady in price.

TEAS.—The demand continues moderate, at steady rates. By auction, about 300 pkgs were disposed of at 35a63c for young hyson, 30a67½ for gunpowder, and 27a49 for imperial.

TOBACCO.—The demand for Kentucky continues on a very moderate scale, at previous prices.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—There were 1060 head offered, of which 250 were from the west. Sales of all but 80 head including 310 for N. Yk. at $4,50a6 per 100 lbs, as in quality. Cows and Calves—240 in market—Sales of dry cows at $8a12; springers $10a18; and milch cows at $13a30 each. Swine—430 offered—Sales at $5a5,50. Sheep and Lambs—1150 brought in—Sales of sheep at $1a2,50 and lambs $1a2,50.

Baltimore, Sept. 11.—Beef Cattle—There were 640 head offered, of which 140 were driven to Philadelphia, and all of the balance, 500 head, were sold at $1a2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4a5,25 nett, and averaging about $2,37½ gross. Hogs are in good demand, and sales are making at $5,50 to 5 75 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Sept. 10.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $4,25a2,75, nett $4½a5,50, according to quality. Mutton—$2,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Lambs—$1,50a2,50 according to quality. Veals $7,00a5, according to quality.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Chemical Bank, New York. 1000's, spurious. This bank has never issued bills of this denomination.

Danbury Bank, Danbury, Conn. 2's, spurious. Vignette, a man in a sitting posture, one arm resting on a spade, and the other on a vase from which water is running.

Sackets Harbor Bank, Sackets Harbor, N. Y. 2's, spurious. Vignette, female, shipping, &c.

Franklin County Bank, Malone, N. Y. 10's, altered from 1's. The true 10's have the letter X across the body of the note.

SALES OF STOCKS.

105 shares Reading R. R.	31½a31½
15 do. Far. and Mec. Bank,	42
$5000 State 5's, '65 wn.,	69½
$1000 Lehigh 6's, '65	47
$1000 Lehigh 6's, '5,	47
$700 Texas Bonds, 10's,	17
$350 State 5's,	68¼

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 8th to the 14th September.

September 8, received from			
M. A. Rees	$1 00	A. G. Duncan	15 00
Miss H. M. Holcomb	2 00	A. D. Bleecker	10 00
S. T. Hopewell	5 00	R. N. Diver	2 00
J. Pitchlidge	2 00	C. P. Douglass	2 00
G. Hall	4 00	S. G. Rives	2 00
C. S. Rowley	5 00	L. A. Marshall	4 00
F. J. Hinkson	4 00	Miss C. D. Jones	2 00
G. Gayger	4 00	R. W. Price	2 00
S. W. Ogden	2 00	M. S. McClure	2 00
R. D. Posey	2 00	J. J. Ralston	2 00
A. S. Oakford	5 00	C. S. Wolcott	4 00
C. G. Kirkwen	2 00	P. D. Bonner	2 00
R. R. Olwei	2 00		
September 9.			
J. Griest	2 00	Miss A. B. Chilton	2 00
A. D. Tichenor	2 00	C. S. Kern	2 00
L. A. Spalding	3 50	R. D. Wolfe	2 00
T. Wilson	7 00	A. S. Sinton	3 00
D. A. Beadles	5 00	L. C. Drake	2 00
J. Capps	5 00	N. W. Talmadge	2 00
J. W. Hicks	5 00	R. L. Westcott	2 00
Mrs. E. G. Wharton	6 00	W. A. Tappen	4 00
J. Herr, Jr.	3 00	S. R. Hoffman	2 00
L. R. Lehman	2 00	D. D. Gibbons	2 00
R. G. Rines	2 00	L. D. Downer	2 00
S. W. Sayres	20 00	P. T. Tunis	3 50
September 10.			
G. D. T. Malone	2 00	C. B. Bunting	4 00
E. B. Tillotson	2 00	Miss G. S. Northrop	2 00
F. Nichols	2 00	Lt. G. S. Latimer	2 00
G. Vincent	2 00	S. W. White	2 00
D. S. Boyd	4 00	R. A. Rose	2 00
M. D. Cox	4 00	R. W. Reynolds	10 00
D. C. Chadwick	2 00	S. & A. Peters	2 00
K. Hanna	2 00	M. D. Metrison	2 00
J. R. Debler	3 00	C. W. Coffrad	2 00
C. P. Brinton	5 00	H. B. Reber	4 00
S. W. Townsend	15 00	Dr. S. C. Barbour	2 00
B. S. Ward	2 00	W. R. Deacon	2 00
A. L. Chester	2 00	J. J. Smithe	3 00
September 11.			
E. Evans, Jr.	2 00	Dr. E. Howell	5 00
J. Holden, Jr.	2 00	G. C. Riggs	2 00
P. B. McCutcheon	2 00	L. S. Cochran	2 00
Hon. C. Adams	2 00	P. S. Ridgeley	3 00
W. Bache	2 00	Maj. W. N. Burton	2 00
J. M. Danning	2 50	A. L. Clarke	15 00
M. T. Webb	3 00	B. W. Siver	2 00
G. Jenkins	2 00	Miss G. A. Arnold	2 00
J. S. R. Overholt	2 00	S. W. Moss	2 00
L. Alford	10 00	W. W. Sharpless	2 00
J. Brooks	1 25	C. K. Mullen	4 00
J. Philpot	1 25	G. R. Longstreth	2 00
September 12.			
J. Miller	5 00	W. F. Empy	2 00
J. Decker	2 00	F. Keely	2 00
C. C. Rich	4 00	A. G. Lee	2 00
M. C. Ladd	1 00	J. T. Gore	2 00
J. Brown	2 00	Dawson & Co.	1 00
P. S. Bacot	2 00	R. J. Griswold	15 00
J. C. Green	2 00	P. G. Bowers	2 00
P. Graves	5 00	S. C. Simmons	2 00
W. A. Hardison	5 00	G. W. Arlton	2 00
H. Vrooman	2 00	Miss M. A. Stephens	2 00
Z. B. Barber & Co.	11 00	Col. A. B. Taber	2 00
J. H. Early	2 00	Dr. J. R. Wilkes	2 00
September 14.			
Mary Wood	2 00	R. G. Phelps	2 00
Miss Kate E. Walker	2 00	N. S. Snow	2 00
G. Brown	2 00	T. S. Short	3 00
N. M. Redman	2 00	L. J. Byers	2 00
Miss Lydia Bordin	2 00	C. G. Lowry	2 00
J. Knowles	2 00	D. S. Ball	2 00
E. M. Teall	6 00	G. W. Eves	4 00
F. Chittenden	14 00	S. T. Sherby	2 00
S. Maltby	2 50	W. G. Snyder	2 00
S. Spalding	2 00	P. B. Bailor	2 00
J. McNamee	2 00	L. W. Porter	2 00
S. R. Gaines	20 00	C. B. Wiley	4 00
T. P. Whittle	2 00	S. P. Green	2 00

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the summer months than at any other period, because at this season of the year, the system being debilitated, digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach, which is the cause of those horrid diseases called dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a natural remedy, and therefore are a certain cure for all kinds of bowel complaints; because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which are the cause of the above distressing complaints. They also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, consequently, as they remove the cause of every form of disease, it is absolutely impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure of dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that Mr. Edward Cole, of Philadelphia, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton, Pa., and Messrs. Browning and Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and as they purchase no Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at our office, *we cannot guarantee any medicine they may have for sale.*

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

THE ATTENTION OF TEACHERS and those who are about to learn the French and German Languages in the ensuing fall and winter, is particularly requested to the new method of learning to read, write and speak those languages, by H. G. Ollendorf. Each language is published separately in one thick and accurately printed volume, neatly and strongly bound.—Price $1,50.

Avoiding the exclusive didactic character of the older treatise on the one hand, and the tedious prolixity of detail which encumbers modern systems on the other, Ollendorf combines and thoroughly teaches at once both the theory and practice of the language. The student who pursues his method will therefore be relieved from the apprehension of either forgetting his rules before practice has grounded him in their principles, or of learning sentences by rote which he cannot analyze. Speaking and writing French, which in other systems is delayed until the learner is presumed to be master of Etymology and Syntax, and consequently is seldom acquired, by this method is commenced with the first lesson, continued throughout, and made the efficient means of acquiring almost imperceptibly, a thorough knowledge of grammar, and this without diverting the learner's attention for a moment from the language itself, with which he is naturally most desirous of becoming familiar.

Beginning with the simplest phrases, he gradually introduces every principle of Grammar, and he does it by interblending the rules with such copious exercises and idiomatic expressions, that by a few months diligent application, and under the guidance of a skilful instructor, *any one* may acquire everything that is essential to enable him to read, write and to converse in the language.

No stronger recommendation of the value of Mr. Ollendorf's method of acquiring language can be advanced than the rapid sale of several editions of the American republication, and their introduction into the leading schools and colleges of the United States.

A Key to each is published separately. Price 75 cts.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, Publisher,
Jones' Hotel Buildings, No. 148 Chesnut street.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS. Reprint of Blackwood's Lady's Magazine. Price $1 a year.

" " The Lady's World of Fashion, 1 a year.

Two copies of either, 1 year, $1,50

One copy of Blackwood's and one copy of Lady's World of Fashion 1 year, $1,50

Address, L. A. GODEY,
sep 12 2t Publishers' Hall, 101 Chesnut St., Phila.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT CURE by JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE. Miss MARIANNA BALDER, a highly respectable lady from Harrisburg, called to day at our office for the purpose she said to express in this public manner her heartfelt gratitude to Dr. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, for the unparalleled benefits she had received from the use of his ALTERATIVE. She stated that she had suffered for several years with SCROFULA, and had had the attendance of five physicians at different times, all of whom finally told her, that they considered her disease incurable. She therefore determined to try the efficacy of Dr. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, from which she found almost immediate relief, so that by the time she had taken thirteen bottles, she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys better health than she has for several years before. For sale by Martin Lutz, *Harrisburg,* and John F. Long, Lancaster. sep 12 tf

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SALE OF MITCHELL'S MAPS.—The subscriber wishes to engage, in the sale of his Maps and publications, a number of active men of moral and industrious habits. Having recently furnished new and greatly improved editions of nearly all his works, he is now well prepared to supply Agents. A capital of from $50 to $400 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Please address

sep 12-6m S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

CANCER.—AN INTERESTING CASE CURED BY Dr. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—In the Spring of 1831, a Cancerous tumor appeared in the right breast of Mrs Phebe, wife of Peter Stretch, of Salem, N. J. It was examined by many physicians, and was considered by all as cancerous, and besides bore all the characteristic marks of one. All probable means of removing were used without the slightest benefit. It continued to increase both in size and painfulness, until all hope of saving her life, but by a painful operation, was abandoned, which, after a consultation of eminent physicians, was performed, Jan. 1st, 1832 by Dr. John Rhea Barton, assisted by Dr. Redman, the proprietor, and two other medical gentlemen. The whole and entire right breast was removed, and after examination of the tumor, was pronounced by all present a Cancer of the most malignant character. In about three months, after enduring incredible sufferings, she was enabled, though broken in spirit, to get about again. She remained feeble, and her general health was exceedingly bad, as indeed it had been for several years before. In the Spring of 1837, upwards of five years after her breast had been removed, a painful tumor made its appearance on the side side, immediately over the part formerly occupied by the nipple of the right breast, previous to its removal. This tumor steadily increased, for several months, and became so painful as to deprive her of rest. The glands under the right arm were enlarged, and Scirrhus, and a hard, irregular, and at times painful tumor, appeared in the left breast. No operation could now arrest the disease. Indeed her whole body appeared to be a mass of disease. Her case was considered hopeless. She was of a very Scrofulous habit, both of her parents having died of Pulmonary Consumption. The experiment was now made with this ALTERATIVE. It was at first given in small doses, three times a day, and the doses very gradually, but steadily increased daily, as long as she took it, which was about six months, and the skin over and around the tumor was wet night and morning with a strong solution of Iodine and Hydriodate Potash. The tumor continued increasing in size for about six weeks, and was at times very painful, when the pain suddenly ceased altogether, and the tumor swelled out at the base, and became soft, and then began to diminish, and continued gradually decreasing until every vestige of disease was removed. The tumor in her left breast, and those in the right axilla were also dispersed. No Cancerous or Scrofulous tumors ever appeared afterwards; and her general health, which had been so bad for fourteen years as to make life a burthen, was effectually and permanently restored.—The proprietor is in possession of the diseased breast, and those who choose may examine it. He would also say that he could mention over a dozen cases equally interesting, who can have been cured by his ALTERATIVE has subdued Cancer and Cancerous tumors, as well as immense numbers of Goitres or Bronchocele. Prepared and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d St. Philada. sep 12 tf

ALMANAC.

Sept. 1846.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
19 SATURDAY,	5 55	6 5	1 40	
20 SUNDAY,	5 57	6 3	2 13	D. H. M.
21 MONDAY,	5 58	6 2	2 45	
22 TUESDAY,	5 59	6 1	3 16	
23 WEDNESDAY,	6 0	6 0	3 51	Full 5 8 15
24 THURSDAY,	6 2	5 58	4 27	Last 12 6 41
25 FRIDAY,	6 3	5 57	5 9	New 20 10 37
26 SATURDAY,	6 4	5 56	5 55	First 28 2 26

Married,

At the Church of the Ascension, New York, on the 10th inst. by the Rev G. T. Bedell, Rev. HENRY EGLINTON MONTGOMERY, of Philadelphia, to MARGARET AUGUSTA, daughter of James Lynch, Esq. of N. York.

On the 29th of July, at Nuremberg, Bavaria, PHILIP GRIMM, of Philadelphia, to CLARA MATHILDA THERESA ROTH, of the former place.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. A. Tudehope, Mr. FRANCIS ZIMMAN, of this city, to Miss ELLEN MCELROY, of Hamilton Village.

At Gettysburg, Pa. on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Watson, JOHN H. OYSTER, of Washington, D. C. to Miss PHEBE ANN FLORE, of Gettysburg, Pa.

On the 1st of July last, by the Rev. William L. Dennis, Mr. WILLIAM HENRY EGGLESTON, to Miss ANN DION.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SIMEON DAWSON, to Miss CATHARINE WELSH, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. LEWIS SNYDER, to Miss CATHARINE SHAMP, all of Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. M. T. Price, Mr. ANDREW J. CROFSY, to Miss LOUISA MATILDA HARDY, daughter of William H. Hardy, formerly of Birmingham, England, and grand daughter of the late George Habacker, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. WASHINGTON L. LANE, to Miss FANNIE HOVENDON, daughter of Captain Benjamin Snell, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. NATHAN LEVERING, of Spring Garden, to Miss SUSANNA R. JONES, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. RICHARD SHARP, to Miss ELLEN MCFADDEN, both of Manayunk, Pa.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, A. M. HEINTAND, M. D. of Lancaster county, to Miss SARAH ANN, eldest daughter of Joseph Hoogendobler, of this city.

In St. Luke's Church, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. W. Spear, SAMUEL F. GREEN, Esq. Counsellor at Law, New Orleans, to Miss MARY VIRGINIA, second daughter of Colonel John H. Sherburne, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Leeser, Mr. LEWIS J. LIPMAN, to Miss SARAH SAMAN, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. at Allentown, by the Rev. Mr. Yeager, Mr. EDWARD H. STIZMAN, from Bethlehem, to Miss MARY A. STEINBERGER, from Allentown.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. A. Reed, Mr. JULIUS A. DRAKE, of Cincinnati, to Miss MARY A. CALDWELL, daughter of James Caldwell, Esq. of this city.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM CALVERT, of Kennett Square, Penna. to Miss JOSEPHINE HOUGH, of this city.

Died,

At Peru, Illinois, on the 5th inst. LOUISA AMIES, wife of Frederick S. Day, and daughter of the late Charles Daws, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. JAMES BOWMAN, Jr. aged 2 years, 9 months and 13 days.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE POTTS, aged 82.

On the 12th inst. Mr. HENRY BOYER, aged 50 years.

On the 12th inst. at the residence of his father, in Lower Lexington, Montgomery county, D. PERRY LEIDY, aged 25 years, late of this city.

On the 13th inst. DAVID HAGENY BOWEN, infant son of David H. and Margaret Bowen.

In Cincinnati, on the 5th inst. HENRY OLMSTEAD, formerly of Philadelphia.

In St. Louis, on the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN S. SWAIN, formerly of Uniontown, Pa.

On the 10th inst. CHARLES W. BURR, aged 3 years.

On the 10th inst. JEROME, infant son of Edward and Lydia Ann Johnson, aged 22 months.

On the 9th inst. JAMES YOCUM, aged 39 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY ANN, daughter of Richard F. and Maria Bower, aged 14 years.

On the 10th inst. HENRY A. DESHONG, aged 26 years.

On the 10th inst. JOHN EDWIN JACKSON, youngest son of Robert and Priscilla Green, aged 22 months.

On the 14th inst. CATHARINE BOYLE, aged 62 years.

On the 10th inst. CHARLES DUFFE.

On the 11th inst. JAMES SHODY, aged 36 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. HANNAH HORN, aged 57 years.

On the 11th inst. ELEANOR DUDLEY, aged 3 months.

On the 9th inst. Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS, aged 47.

On the 10th inst. JOHN HENRY, son of Samuel G. and Anna Jane Keim, aged 7 months, 2 weeks and 5 days.

On the 10th inst. Mr. JAMES C. HANSON, aged 81.

On the 9th inst. Mr. JOHN MCINTIRE.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. MARY BATINGTON.

On the 9th inst. aged 47, Mrs. REBECCA GILBERT.

In New York, on the 31st ult. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, aged 75 years.

On the 9th inst. WILLIAM, son of William and Louisa Phillips, aged 21 months.

On the 8th inst. SAMUEL MARTIN, aged 13 months.

On the 7th inst. CASPER HERRELL, aged 52 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. HANNAH SHEETZ, aged 70 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARGARET GARDY, aged 81.

On the 5th inst. THOMAS JEFFERSON THORP.

On the 5th inst. JOHN BURRAS, aged 20 years.

On the 21st ult. at Mount Auburn, Christian county, Illinois, Mr. WILLIAM LANCASTER, aged 58 years, formerly of this city.

On the 5th inst. EMMA MATILDA WATSON, aged 4.

On the 7th inst. Miss SUSAN FULLER, aged 21 years.

On the 7th inst. HELEN, daughter of Wm. and Mary Ann Rue, aged 2 years and 11 months.

HEALTH OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 5th to the 12th September.

The number of deaths during the last week were 135, 59 adults and 76 children.

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	6,	81	86	83
	7,	80	86	90
	8,	77	83	80
	9,	74	74	70
	10,	64	67	67
	11,	67	72	74
	12,	73	79	67

HO! HO! YOU'RE GETTING BALD ARE YOU?—Well, that is a misfortune, and not a crime, but to *remain bald* when so fine an opportunity offers to restore your hair, by a faithful, and liberal use of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC is but little short of crime. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, cures those eruptive diseases which often appear upon the head, and in a majority of cases produces a fine growth of new hair. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance unequalled by any thing of the kind. For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

TO CAPITALISTS, and supposed to be a good investment. The subscriber has several excellent Bituminous Coal Banks near the *laid out town of Lagrange,* about 3 miles south of the city of Wheeling, in Virginia, which he is willing to dispose of to manufacturing gentlemen. The strata of coal lies nearly horizontal, and can be delivered at the mouths of the banks from 1½ to 1¾ cents per bushel. The banks are each about 560 feet square, but can run back if required to the boundary lines, as the back land belongs to the subscriber. The front land is level with the Ohio River, and also belongs to the subscriber. One of the best harbors on the waters of said river can be made. There is now a bridge over its mouth. An iron foundry and glass manufactories are in full operation within four miles of the land, doing a good business. A credit can be given, if required, upon the punctual payment of the interest semi-annually. The coal banks are about 20 feet above the front land. There is abundance of good building stone on the premises. The objects for selling the above are, the subscriber has become aged, and is a resident in the State of Ohio. JOSIAH FOX.

Colerain, Belmont county, Ohio. jy 4-3m*

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended as a universal "cure all" have nevertheless proved superior to every thing of the kind, especially in LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA; and when used in conjunction with his Tonic Vermifuge will not fail one time in a hundred of effecting a permanent cure. For sale at No. 8 SOUTH THIRD St. aug 8 tf

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The following extract of a letter is from a very respectable mercantile house, dated

WASHINGTON, Rappahannock Co., Va.,
May 28th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Our Mr. Jones has been in a very low state of health for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice our county affords, and also visited your city, during last summer, but found no relief.—On the 15th of April last we purchased half dozen bottles of your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and half dozen boxes of SANATIVE PILLS. Through carelessness in packing the articles in a dry goods box one half the Vermifuge was broken. Mr. Jones commenced with the Pills, and after taking a *few doses* felt a decided improvement. The three bottles of Vermifuge, which came safe to hand, brought from him, he thinks, not less than ONE THOUSAND WORMS, and perhaps many more. He is now in better health than he has been in for years, and we hope a few *more* bottles of your Vermifuge and Pills will effect a permanent cure. All our physicians have entirely mistaken his case, Professor Samuel Jackson, of your city, at the head. As to our responsibility, we have to refer you to Messrs. Inskip, Molten & Woodruff, Silk-house, Market near 4th street, and to Hazkell, Haskins & Co., corner of 5th and Market streets. Mr. Jones is most anxious to get more of your Pills and Vermifuge as soon as possible. Respectfully, J. B. JONES & Co.

Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD st., Phila. jy 4 tf

LATEST NEWS FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, PA., July 15, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne:—Dear Sir,—Mr. John Mills, residing on the Cumberland side of the river, directly opposite this place, called on me a few days since, and stated that his wife was cured of a very severe cough, which she had been troubled with for a long time, by the use of your "EXPECTORANT." Before she commenced using it, she had become so weakened and reduced as to be obliged to keep her bed, with every appearance of having deep seated CONSUMPTION, and he had very little hopes of her recovery, especially on the night before she commenced using the Expectorant. Her cough was so tight and severe that he did not think she *would live till morning,* and three bottles, which he procured from me, restored her to perfect health. He wishes me to communicate these facts to you.

Respectfully, yours, MARTIN LUTZ.

N. B.—Your "Carminative Balsam" answers admirably the purpose for which it is intended, and is quite in demand. M. L.

Prepared only at No. 8 S. THIRD St. aug 8 tf

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT may be cured with *certainty,* and at a trifling expense, by taking every night at bedtime, two or three of JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, and a dose of either his ALTERATIVE or VERMIFUGE three times a day. This treatment *never fails to cure.* ☞ For sale at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 28-6t ANDREW H. CHAMBERS.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THE FOLLOWING. ☜

A FINE CHANCE FOR ANY ACTIVE PERSON TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1,000 A-YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED.—At the Office of SEARS' *NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, No. 128 NASSAU STREET, N. YORK,* to sell these Splendidly Illustrated Volumes, decidedly the best, cheapest, and most saleable ever issued in America. No person need apply unless he can give good security, or has a cash capital of from $25 to $50, to invest in the business.

☞ All Letters must be Post Paid. They will be immediately replied to by a Circular, giving full particulars of the Character, Principles, Profits, and Prospects of the business.

Please address, (*Post Paid.*)
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 128 Nassau Street, New York.

☞ "*SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.*"

Published as above, every month, at $1,00 a-year, in advance.

The "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," (an octavo volume, of 400 or 500 pages,) given gratis, and sent by mail, to all New Subscribers, sending TWO DOLLARS.

☞ The Postage on the Volume will not exceed 25 cents. july 11-6t if

COMMUNICATION—A CURE FOR WORMS—*Frazersburg, Ohio, Aug. 7th,* 1846.—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir: Last Saturday morning, I found my youngest son quite out of his head—very flighty and deranged, and continued so all day, till after night. On Sunday morning I commenced giving him your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and before 6 o'clock he discharged thirteen large worms, and I believe to speak within bounds, that he passed more than five hundred small white worms, some not more than one-fourth of an inch long. On Monday his fever left him, and he is now quite well. All your medicines, so far as I have heard, have given satisfaction. Yours, &c., RICHARD GRIFFEE, P. M.

This valuable medicine may be had at No. 8 South Third street. sep 12 tf

BEWARE OF THAT COUGH, for coughing denotes irritation of the throat or lungs, which is the immediate precursor of *Inflammation, Abcess, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Consumption and Death.* Now, there is no need of coughing at all, for JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT will immediately relieve the Cough, subdue the Inflammation, cleanse the Lungs and throat from all irritating or obstructing matter, and effect a speedy cure. *For sale at No. 8 South THIRD Street.* aug 8 tf

CHOLERA MORBUS AND BOWEL COMPLAINT.—DR. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD St., is willing to guaranty that his CARMINATIVE BALSAM will cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, Cramps, Griping Pains, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, and other derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and in less than half the time they can be effected by any other means.

It is extremely pleasant, and children are fond of it. It is equally as effectual for adults as children, and when the directions are followed, and a cure is not effected, the money will be cheerfully returned. Price 25 and 50 cts a bottle. jy 4-tfy

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!
MORE PROOFS OF THE EFFICACY OF
DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY,
The Original and Genuine Preparation!
CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs; the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

☞ A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE! ☜

Dr. SWAYNE: Dear Sir—In October last, while engaged with Mr. Joseph Smith, in a saw mill, near Waynesburg, I was attacked with a cough, from being exposed at night, which gradually increased, attended with spitting of blood and a severe pain in the breast, loss of appetite, fever, &c., &c., which was scarcely supportable. I had a family who were wholly dependent on my exertions for support, yet was obliged to leave my business and return home. I was then attended by several physicians, but still grew worse, until my medical attendants gave me up as incurable. Subsequently, my wife observing in one of the public prints, an advertisement of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, procured me one bottle from Francis McClure, your agent in Lewistown, which relieved me. I continued until I had taken five bottles. I am now able to return to my own work. I write this to offer you my sincere thanks, and you are at liberty to make it known, so that if any human being is suffering as I have been, he may have recourse to your invaluable medicine. Yours, JOHN P. BOYNE.

Lewistown, Del.

CONSUMPTION, which has baffled the skill of eminent Medical practitioners, where invalids have been given up hopeless, by having recourse to, and persevering in, this unequalled remedy, having been radically cured. There are now in the hands of the proprietor numerous certificates of cures, which would astonish credulity itself, were they made known to the world.

TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL,
AND
ALL OTHER PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

has a most happy effect in clearing the voice and rendering the tone of those accustomed to public speaking, at once agreeable and interesting.

☞ CAUTION ☜

Dr. Swayne's Syrup is the only true and genuine article of Wild Cherry before the public, and we would say to the afflicted, always look for the written signature of Dr. SWAYNE on each bottle before you purchase. Beware, and be not deceived!

The (original and only) genuine article is only prepared by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA AND EXT. OF TAR PILLS, a mild and gentle Purgative, unsurpassed by any Medicine for removing the Bile, *cleansing the Stomach,* and effectually *purifying the Blood,* Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Female Complaints generally.

The desponding, the gloomy and depressed, who have supposed they were laboring under a load of disease, which they were not able to bear, will soon have their complaints removed, by the use of these PURIFYING PILLS and *Dr. Swayne's Compd. Syrup of Wild Cherry,* the great strengthener and supporter of the declining powers of life. The genuine has the signature of Dr. SWAYNE & SONS on each box.

From the increasing demand for the above articles, Druggists, Merchants, and dealers generally, will find it to their advantage to have a full supply of these valuable medicines. Remember to inquire for DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, as there have been some individuals with the assumed name of physician making great efforts to push a spurious article into the market under a fictitious name.

WORMS! WORMS! WORMS!—To remove those troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the stomach and bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of worms, dyspepsia, sour stomach, want of appetite, infantile fever and ague, and debility of the stomach and bowels and organs of digestion. It is without exception one of the most valuable preparations in the world. Sold at No. 8 South THIRD Street. jy 4 tfy

"DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP."

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I certify that before my remembrance I became afflicted with what the physicians called SCROFULA. It made its first appearance by pain and swelling of my joints—more especially of my ankles, knees, wrists and elbows, after which the glands of my throat and neck became inflamed and swelled, attended with most excruciating pains. I was often confined entirely to my bed, and for weeks together could not move my neck or turn my head. Several physicians attended upon me at different times, they did not appear to do me any good.

About a year ago I was attacked with vomiting, which continued every few minutes all one night. The next day an eruption appeared on the sides of my neck, which soon spread all over my neck, head and face, with inflammation of my eyes and eyelids, which destroyed my eye lashes, and caused the hair to fall from off my head, and soon the disease spread all over me; my limbs were one entire scab. I could not bend my arms or hands without causing the skin to crack open, when the blood would run out. Some of my finger nails came off. In short, I was unable to get my own living, and in this condition I was taken by Mrs David Stewart and Mrs. Elizabeth Doughty, of Spring Garden street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, to DR. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, in order that he might undertake my case. He directed me to take his ALTERATIVE three times a day, according to the directions, and his SANATIVE PILLS as often as I should find necessary. I have now taken his Alterative four months, and am most happy to say that *it has entirely cured me.*

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,
aug 8 tf No. 118 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

EVANS & WATSON'S PATENT IMPROVED
SALAMANDER FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, SLATE-LINED REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, Isinglass, &c. which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soapstone. We still continue to make our celebrated Anti-Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank, as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use, are made.

The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1842, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.

N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.
Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Ninth streets.
John M. Ford, 32 north Third street.
Miers Bush, 30 north Third street.
Bailey & Brother, 136 Market street.
A. Wright & Nephew, Vine street wharf.
James W. Paul, 101 south Fourth street.
Dr. Jayne, 8 south Third street.
Mr. Patterson, Navy Agent.

And we have about 400 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

All persons in want are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Patent Slate Refrigerators, Water Filterers, Coolers, Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Hoisting Machines, Plain and Ornamental Iron Railing, Tracks for Stores, Superior Patent Locks, Fire Proof Doors for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.

dec 27-1y EVANS & WATSON.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE,
No. 105 Chesnut Street, between Third and Fourth,
PHILADELPHIA.

THIS popular and central Hotel, established by the Messrs. Sanderson, having passed into the hands of the subscriber, he desires to inform his friends and the public, that it is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited "THE FRANKLIN HOUSE," its advantages as a desirable stopping place are well known; to those who have not, it will be only necessary to state that it is situated in the busiest part of the most fashionable street, in the immediate vicinity of the Exchange, Post Office, Banks, Custom House, Places of Amusement, Hotels, Steamboat Landings, Railroad Depots, Public Squares, Court Houses, &c. &c.

Since the change of proprietors, a large amount of money has been expended in enlarging, re-fitting, re-furnishing and painting. Among the numerous improvements, may be mentioned Improved Entrances, a New LADIES' ORDINARY, a New Gentlemen's Dining Saloon, New Parlors, New Chambers, New Kitchen, and New Bar Room, besides many other minor improvements.

The principal features of a first rate Hotel—"The Table and Wine Cellar" will be under the management of

MR. JAMES M. SANDERSON,

one of the former proprietors, whose ambition to excel as a Caterer is well known. His widely celebrated Cook, "PELLETIER," aided by experienced assistants, will still continue to be his right hand man.

The Office and Books will be under the charge of

MR. GEORGE P. BURNHAM,

late the able Editor of the "Daily Ohio Union," of Cincinnati, and more recently of Boston. In short great exertions have been made, and hereafter will not be spared, to render "THE FRANKLIN" one of the *very first Hotels* for comfort, convenience, and good living.

july 25-3m D. K. MINOR.

REFORMED PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

DR. ROSE, during a practice of twenty six years in this city, seeing the rise and downfall of the various systems in medicine, made important improvement upon the old practice, which in his hands has superseded Hydropathy, Homeopathy, and all other systems. His remedies now in general use having met with such success, as to render it necessary for the enlargement of his Laboratory and Offices, for the accommodation of the increased applications to him for advice.

Dr. Rose's Prophylactic Syrup or Panacea, for the cure of all Cutaneous Diseases, Impurity of Blood, Ulcers, Cancers, Scrofula, Consumption, &c.

Dr. Rose's Cough Syrup, for Coughs, Colds, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, is superior to all other preparations for Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Rose's Croup or Hive Syrup invariably succeeding in removing Croup or Hives, without straining children by vomiting, as most other preparations for Croup do.

Dr. Rose's Astringent Compound for spitting blood—this compound requires no comment; its effect in arresting Hemorrhage is instantaneous.

Dr. Rose's Tonic Mixture, for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever and Debility. This mixture has never failed in curing *Fever and Ague,* Bilious Fever, or in removing Debility.

Dr. Rose's Syrup for Cholera and Bowel Complaint. During the summer months, as these diseases prevail among children, we consider it incumbent to let the public know where a specific can be had. In 1832, when our city was scourged with cholera, this remedy succeeded in 149 out of 152 cases.

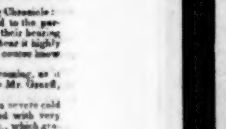
Dr. Rose's Tonic Alterative Vegetable Pills. As a general family medicine, these Pills stand pre-eminent. Where they have been used they are not thrown aside for any other purgative medicine: to cleanse and purify the body, their equal has never been known. An eminent Druggist of this city declared them to be very superior, and offered to purchase the receipt for making them.

The above, and many other valuable remedies, compounded under the immediate superintendance of Dr. Rose at his Laboratory, can be had Wholesale or Retail, at No. 18 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

All orders from abroad punctually attended to, and a liberal discount allowed.

Dr. Rose may be consulted at his office connected with the Laboratory, from 10 o'clock in the morning. Advice given to the poor gratis.

J. S. McMULLIN, General Agent,
jy 27-3m* No. 18 South Eighth Street.



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

mar 8-eo wtf) WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Duhurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Stickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ellis, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—This valuable preparation combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient and deobstruent properties, for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Scrofulous, Cancerous and Indolent Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Scurvy, Neuralgia, or Tic Douloureux, Cancer, Goitre or Bronchocele, (Swelled Neck,) Enlargements of the Bones, Joints, Glands or Ligaments or of the Ovaries, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various diseases of the Skin, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Biles, Pimples, Carbuncles, &c. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Nervous Diseases, Dropsical Swellings, Constitutional Disorders, and diseases originating from a depraved or impure state of the blood or other fluids of the body.

It has been prescribed in almost every variety of diseases and with unparalleled success, especially in Cutaneous Affections, Cancerous, Scrofulous and Scorbutic diseases, and diseases originating from obstruction or enlargement of the Glands or impurity of the Blood.

CANCER AND CANCEROUS TUMORS.—This preparation has been used in upwards of twenty well defined cases of Cancer and Cancerous Tumors, and a large majority of them were perfectly cured in from five to nine months.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE, (Swelled Neck.) It has been prescribed in over a hundred cases of Goitre, and has never failed in a single instance to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of failure. ALL WERE CURED.

SCROFULA—KING'S EVIL.—This preparation has been used in numerous cases of Scrofula, King's Evil and Scrofulous Swellings, and always with the most decided success.

SKIN DISEASES.—It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum or Tetter, Biles, Blotches, Pimples, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—It has been used in numerous cases of Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and with the happiest effect.

TIC DOLOUREUX.—It has been used in several cases of Neuralgia, and in every case it was successful.

RHEUMATISM.—This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine the disease was removed.

GOUT.—A number of cases of Gout have been cured by this preparation. In one of these cases, the man had been afflicted with it so severely for the ten years as to entirely disable him from business, and for five months immediately previous to his taking the Alterative, he had been confined to his room; but before he had finished the third bottle, he was able to walk about the streets, and soon after returned to his business, from which he had been so long excluded by his afflictions.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the power of digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which water or calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing *sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains and nervous affections.*

In fact, every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

In conclusion, the proprietor would say that some of the most astonishing cases of Skin Diseases, Cancer, Bronchocele and Scrofula, have been cured by this medicine that have ever been recorded.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 S. THIRD Street, Philadelphia. aug 8 tf

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$40 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	2 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $80. Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25, other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

feb 28-10m " CONRAD.

Choice Selections.

THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.

BY A. [illegible].

I never saw a [illegible],
An errand rin [illegible] Mary,
And oh, she's [illegible],
When [illegible] light's a fairy.
[illegible]
And when she's sent [illegible],
Then like a [illegible],
She happy [illegible].

She never stops [illegible] to play,
But a' the road as she goes trottin',
Croons to herself what she's to say,
For fear a word should be forgotten;
And then as clear as A B C,
The message tells without a blunder,
And like a little [illegible] bee,
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for [illegible] that Mary [illegible],
For what ye gi'e she'll [illegible];
The best [illegible]
Is just the pleasure [illegible];
If [illegible] would a' [illegible],
And [illegible],
What happy [illegible] they [illegible] would mak',
Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary!

A Western Sketch.

A TALE OF OREGON.

The Midnight Ride.

Some years ago, when the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition in the wild and rocky Oregon Territory, little forts were erected, whence a commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, in a beautiful valley, by a little stream, near the Grand Sayou Salado—a great resort for game of all kinds—was called Spokan Fort. Its owner and governor, James M'Pherson, a Scotchman, had left home a poor lad, but with the characteristic perseverance of his countrymen had acquired wealth. Pushing into these wilds, his enterprise and sagacity had enabled him to compete with all his rivals in their exciting and hazardous trade. It is the constant study of opposition companies and traders to out-general each other, and these efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertion, tending to sharpen the wits of all concerned in a sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of times to move and times to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the best campaign.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and had conveyed from New Orleans a cargo of merchandise for the company. In addition, he had taken, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson, with a female attendant. So long and peculiar a journey—up the Mississippi and across the bluffs and grassy plains, and over the Rocky Mountains—necessarily made the young people intimate, and unaffectingly, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Arrived at their journey's end, Ray became a clerk, and the heiress presided over her father's establishment. Whatever were her feelings, the poor clerk never sought to learn; and so reserved and taciturn was he that the young girl thought herself deceived in him. Ray was not of a sanguine turn, and seeing no means of rising to a level with his master, he allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit. Faithful to his trust, he made no advances.

Some months after his arrival, a time approached for a regular meeting with the Indians, when the whole fortunes of the year would be decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to collect their beaver and other skins, where the traders repaired, and whoever offered the best prices obtained the best market. Two days before the appointed time, the inmates of the fort were seated at their evening meal. M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks, were heartily discussing the wild delicacies spread before them, when a bustle was heard without, and soon a half-breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

"What news, Nick?" said M'Pherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

"Bad," said Nick, "Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan; Indians at camp, plenty of beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some—then smoke, and buy all the beaver."

"Why, that is good news," said the trader, "if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin till he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men! you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed."

"All very fine," said Nick, shaking his head, "but Sublette know a trick or two of that; a hundred Blackfeet laying in the woods; not get through them till the market is over."

"The Blackfeet? then we are beat! What's to be done?" cried M'Pherson.

"How many bales will do?" said Ray.

"If Johnson, our agent, had but one," replied the desponding trader, "all would be right. It is impossible however, and this year is lost to me."

"By no means," said Ray, rising, all his native energy beaming in his eye, "Johnson *shall* have a bale, or my scalp will hang in a Blackfoot hut before morning."

"Edward!" exclaimed Mary M'Pherson, with an alarmed glance.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray?" said McPherson gravely, even sternly.

"I am, sir. Give me Wild Polly, and trust me to accomplish your wish."

"You will go alone, then?"

"I will."

McPherson ordered his favorite mare to be saddled, and in half an hour, Ray, with two bales of tobacco before him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan amid the plaudits of the party. Mary hastily retired to her room, to find relief for her overburthened heart in a flood of tears—the gate was shut slowly as the young adventurer passed out of sight, the sentinel was posted for the night, and the chief, seated by his fireplace, smoking, became gradually absorbed in deep meditation.

Ray rode slowly down the valley, as he thought of his journey of seventy miles, among blood thirsty Indians, who would delight in taking the pale face prisoner, with his mare and bales of tobacco. He felt his was a doubtful, nay, a rash enterprise; but under the circumstances, and bethinking in whose presence he had undertaken it, he disdained to turn back.

Half an hour brought him to the edge of a vast plain. He could see under the light of the moon no track of the Blackfeet, and delighted with travelling thus, thousands of miles from civilization, he put spurs to the mare, which trotted swiftly in the direction of the Indian mart. By the sagacity of the animal, Ray avoided an encampment of savages in the border of a forest. Skirting along it for some distance, he dashed slowly in, and had nearly passed through, when the silence of the night was broken by a loud and fierce yell, and immediately after he descried a party of Blackfeet in full and eager pursuit. To drop his merchandise he would not, and swiftly and unflaggingly the gallant beast bore him onward—so fiercely and determinedly was the pursuit kept up, that an hour's hard riding did not increase the distance between the pursuers and the pursued.

Ray's path now lay through a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet high, dry and parched, and where he hoped to rest himself and mare; but suddenly a dark form stood at the very entrance to the brake, mounted on a stout horse. Seizing a pistol, the clerk sped his course directly towards the seeming savage, who just in time to save himself, hastily cried out, "All right—it's only Nick!"

No time that for greeting, and together they hastened on, but not till the half breed had fired the reeds, which soon arose a wall of flame between them and their pursuers—a magnificent spectacle—but terrible to the beasts and birds which it aroused from their slumbers, and whose cries mingled with the roar of the dazzling fire as it crept to the right and left in sparkling and brilliant chains.

"Nick," said Ray, as side by side, they dashed across the prairie, "how met we? I left you at the fort."

"No; Nick started half an hour first. Would not let brave pale face go alone; found him chased by the Blackfeet, but Indian no take Master Ray, Nick know a trick worth two of that. But, hush! Blackfeet in valley!"

A flash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was right; giving a volley in reply, without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they kept until satisfied that pursuit was baffled when they struck the ordinary track.

By daylight they reached the great camp where the Indians had pitched their tents to trade with the rival whites. To the right were seen the wagons of Sublette; to the left, those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent, who they found in low spirits, as his opponent expected a supply of tobacco in the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would be over; but as Ray detailed his object and success, the agent's eyes glistened, and he exclaimed, "Bravo, Mr. Ray! I'd just like to be in your shoes, for if you have not made old Mac's fortune, my name aint Johnson. Such prime beaver you never saw. By the hand of Gen. Jackson, but you're a lucky dog!" Ray, delighted, partook of a hasty dish of food, and the day's work began. First the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to Sublette's consternation, with a liberal smoke, and it was then extended to every Indian present. Seated around Johnson's tent, the Spokan, Kootenays, Chaudieres, Shoshonies, and other tribes, enjoyed their luxury with unmixed satisfaction; and, when the barter commenced they disposed of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such was the activity of the Spokan agents, that when Sublette's supply of tobacco arrived not a beaver or a 'coon skin remained for a market!"

Aware that the Blackfeet, when discovered, would draw off, Ray and Nick after a short repose, mounted fresh horses, and after an unsafe and disagreeable journey over the yet smouldering grass were received with open arms at Spokan fort. McPherson forthwith drew Ray to his counting-room, motioned him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray related his dangers, his escape, modestly but fully, and also their extraordinary success.

"Know, lad," said the delighted old man, "you have brought me the best year's trade I ever had, and I count it no small thing to beat Captain Sublette."

"I am much gratified, sir, that I have been instrumental in serving you."

"That is very well," said the trader, pushing up his spectacles, "but tell me why you, generally so slow and cold, should suddenly do so much for me?"

"It was the first opportunity I had of doing what others would not do."

"Do you expect no share in the great advantage of last night's adventures?"

"That I leave to you sir."

"Now, Mr. Ray, I wish you to be thoroughly frank. You must have some motive in thus suddenly risking your life for me; what is it? You have doubled my fortune, let me do you some service in return."

Ray saw that the worthy merchant was still in the dark, and smiling, said, "My ambition has been to share your good fortune, and did my hopes equal my wishes, I might say I had hoped one day to possess all you now hold!"

"What—a partner? The idea is a bold one, but after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it."

"Sir," said Ray, hurriedly, "I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter—"

"Whew!" cried the astonished merchant, "sits the wind in that quarter! And pray, sir, does she know of this?"

"You recollect a long journey when we were inseparable companions—"

"Oh, I recollect all; but, pray, does my daughter encourage you?"

"She'll speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed Mary, who at that moment entered; "*I did encourage him, for I thought him worthy of it.* Of late Mr. Ray almost discouraged my resolution, but his late devotion to your interest convinced me that it was the same Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans."

"And so," said the trader, pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice in the matter."

"We arranged nothing, dear father, but leave it all to you."

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary McPherson had no great difficulty in arranging the matter with the good Scotchman. In a few weeks, Ray was not only son-in-law but partner at Spokan; and I believe none of the parties have yet had cause to regret the midnight ride over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

JASMINE, White. *Amiability.*

You bear a gentle mind and heavenly
Blessings follow such creatures.
Shaks.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind.
Lyttleton.

Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul.
Rogers.

Jasminum, L. from the Greek *iasme*, a fragrant ointment, or perfume, alluding to the sweet scent of the flowers.

Jasminum, a genus containing plants of the hardy and tender, deciduous, and evergreen, shrubby kinds: rarely double, with varieties of white, or yellow flowers. Our common white Jasmine, is a native of the East, hardy, but not evergreen.

Jasmines, some like silver spray,
Some like gold in the morning ray;
Fragrant stars, and favorites they.
Indian Bride.—Garland of Flora.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the *jasmine* flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
Moore.

The *jasmine*, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.
Cowper.

The jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,
To charm her God, adorns his favorite bowers;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,
Unenvied rival! wear.
Churchill.

JASMINE, Yellow. *Grace and Elegance.*

Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.
Milman.

The Carolina yellow jasmine (figured in Catesby's Carolina,) grows naturally and most luxuriantly in our Southern States, spreading over the hedges, and in graceful festoons over the tallest trees, perfuming the air to a great distance with its delicious fragrance.

With us, it is a well known elegant climbing shrub, having smooth, simple, opposite, lanceolate *leaves*,—and axillary, funnel shaped, yellow flowers.

ICE PLANT. *Rejected Addresses.*

I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulged, learned and valiant,
And in dimensions, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him.
Shaks.

The *Mesembryanthemum Crystallinum*, or ice plant, is a well known tender annual, much admired for appearing as if frosted over, or encrusted with frozen dew. This appearance is caused by innumerable little bladders in the cuticle, filled with a limpid juice: to the touch the whole herb is cold, and remarkably flaccid. Its *stem* spreads widely on the ground, bearing numerous broad undulating *leaves*, alternate, ovate, waved, papillary; *flowers* nearly sessile, copious, of a pale rose-color; *fruit* dark purple.

HYDRANGEA. *A Boaster.*

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.
Shaks.

The lad of all sufficient merit,
With modesty, ne'er damps his spirit.
Gay.

A native of the East—cultivated in the gardens of China and Japan, from whence it was introduced into England, by Sir Joseph Banks, in 1790.

This plant is nearly allied to Viburnum and Sambucus. Soon after its introduction into England, it was observed that some of the plants produced flowers of a fine *blue color*, from cuttings taken from the rose colored varieties. Some conjectured it was caused by oxyd of iron; others, that it originated from salt, or saltpetre, being accidentally mixed in the earth. It was also observed, that a cutting from the rose colored variety, that had been planted in the soil of the healthy common, mixed with a portion of turf ashes, produced *blue flowers*. The owner of this plant, a poor cottage woman, refused ten guineas for it, being unwilling to part with a plant that had been reared by a child whom she had lost; but she gladly sold cuttings from it, all of which produced flowers of the original rose color, having been planted in common garden soil.

In our own country, the *rose colored* Hydrangea has been made to bear *blue flowers*, when fed with *marsh mud*, as has been tested a few miles below Annapolis, on Black River.

We find the flower made emblematical of a *boaster*, whose vaunting words resemble the showier flowers—large and showy, without being followed by suitable results.

☞ Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of secondhanded goods that sold at prime cost.

Our Picture Gallery.

DUNBARTON CASTLE.

DUNBARTON CASTLE.

In passing down the Clyde, after having proceeded about fifteen miles from Glasgow, Scotland, the traveller finds himself opposite to a very lofty dark-colored rock, rising from the level sands, almost close to the right bank of the river. This is the Castle of Dunbarton. It appears to have been a military fortress almost from the first occupation of this part of the island.

The rock itself was wont to be looked upon as the key to the western highlands, and as therefore one of the most important of the Scottish fortresses. It is, as we have mentioned, of very great height: and about half way up it divides, and forms two summits, with a large chasm or hollow between. In this hollow is a well, about fourteen feet deep, which affords a constant supply of water. Dunbarton certainly would not now stand a well-conducted assault above a *few hours*; but it used to be deemed all but inaccessible, and therefore impregnable, except by the expedient of starving the garrison. There was anciently a track by which it could be ascended from the northern side; but that has been long built up; and the only access to the buildings now is from the south. Of these buildings the principal is the Governor's house, which is fortified by a few cannon. The garrison consists merely of a small number of invalids.

Amply protected, however, by nature against both force and stratagem as Dunbarton Castle was deemed to be, it was once taken by assault; and the exploit is altogether one of the most extraordinary on record. In 1571 a truce had been arranged between the adherents of the Scottish Queen, Mary, and her opponents, or as they called themselves, the party of the King, her son. It expired on the 1st of April. The Regent, or head of the insurgents, at this time was the old Earl of Lennox, the grandfather of the young King. According to some accounts it was the Regent himself who devised the scheme of attempting, as soon as the truce should be over, to surprise the Castle of Dunbarton, the only fortress now held by the Queen, and of which Lord Fleming was the Governor. Robertson, however, who chiefly follows Buchanan, tells the story as follows; the Crawford mentioned is Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordan Hill:—"A soldier who had served in the garrison, and had been disgusted by some ill usage, proposed the scheme to the Regent, endeavored to demonstrate that it was practicable, and offered himself to go the foremost man on the enterprise. It was thought prudent to risk any danger for so great a prize. Scaling-ladders and whatever else might be necessary, were prepared with the utmost secrecy and despatch. All the avenues to the Castle were seized, that no intelligence of the design might reach the Governor. Towards evening Crawford marched from Glasgow with a small but determined band. By midnight they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which hitherto had been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert. The first ladder was scarcely fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed at the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree which grew in a cleft, this place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent they met with an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clung, seemingly without life, to the ladder. All were at a stand—it was impossible to pass him. To tumble him headlong was cruel; and might occasion a discovery. But Crawford's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over; and turning the other side of the ladder, they mounted with ease over his belly. Day now began to break, and there still remained a high wall to scale; but, after surmounting so many difficulties, this was soon accomplished. A sentry observed the first man who appeared on the parapet, and had just time to give the alarm before he was knocked on the head. The officers and soldiers of the garrison ran out naked, unarmed, and more solicitous about their own safety, than capable of making resistance. The assailants rushed forward with repeated shouts, and with the utmost fury took possession of the magazine; seized the cannon; and turned them against their enemies. Lord Fleming got into a small boat, and fled all alone into Argyleshire. Crawford, in reward of his valor and good conduct, remained master of the Castle; and as he did not lose a single man in the enterprise, he enjoyed his success with unmixed pleasure." Among other prisoners who were taken on this occasion was Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrew's. He was next day hanged on a tree at Stirling, after undergoing the mockery of a trial, in which it was not even pretended that anything was proved against him. "Fair and fortunate tree, may'st thou ever bear such fruit!" was the exclamation, expressed in Latin, with which those who had been long thirsting for his blood insulted the dying moments of the unfortunate prelate. Two other gentlemen named Hume and Ramsay are recorded in some of the other accounts to have been associated with Crawford in conducting this enterprise; and it was Ramsay who first gained the top of the wall and despatched the sentinel. The name of the soldier who acted as guide, and who is said to have previously given up his wife and child as hostages for his fidelity, was Robertson. One thing is very remarkable, however, with regard to the principal incident of the story, as given by Buchanan and his copyists, that, namely, of the soldier who was seized with the fit, and lashed to the ladder. A very long and particular detail of the whole affair is given in the Journal of Richard Bannatyne, first published at Edinburgh in 1806, by Mr. John Graham Dalyell, in his Illustrations of Scottish History, and neither in the writer's own narrative (composed immediately after the event) nor in a letter which he transcribes from Crawford himself to John Knox, and which professes to contain a full account of everything that happened, is this incident noticed or alluded to. This is a very curious illustration of what the grounds of history often are, and it is equally so whether we suppose Buchanan's story to be true or false.

Since this period Dunbarton Castle has been frequently employed as a place of custody for state prisoners. The Regent, Morton, soon after the capture above detailed, was confined here for some time previous to his execution. Here also some of the Scottish royalists were shut up on the commencement of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I.

The substance of this rock is a basaltic formation of black whinstone, and it is in several parts magnetic,—a circumstance which is noticed by Buchanan, who supposes, however, that at a particular place a large loadstone is fastened in the rock and has been imperceptibly united with it. Most basaltic formations possess magnetic power.

☞ Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands.

Selected Poetry.

TO A LADY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How lone the hour—the dim cold night
Hath settled round me still and lone,
And on me rests the feeble light
From fading fire and taper thrown!
How wearily the time goes on!
And yet how silently the hours
Have passed me slowly one by one,
Nor weighed to sleep the mind's high powers.
I feel the leaden moments pass
My weary eye-lids—but they bring
To the mind's weary wakefulness
No grateful spell of slumbering.
The presence of no breathing thing
Disturbs the awful quietude,
Nor voice nor sound is here to bring
Discordance o'er a thoughtful mood!
And I have mused on vanished hours,
And brought their changeful visions back,
And sighed above the fair young flowers,
That died along my wayward track.
The day passed off amid the throng
Of heartless and designing men.
The feelings I have cherished long,
Were frozen or forgotten then.
I would not pour the heartless strain,
Amid the grovelling things of earth;
But they have passed, and once again
The current of the soul comes forth;—
Again the strain which thou hast loved—
The chords which now have slept so long,
Since o'er the lyre of spirit moved
The passion and the fire of song.
I cannot sing as I have sung,
It were a mockery now to thee—
Dead, dead are all the hopes that clung—
Frail vine-wreaths round a blighted tree!
And weariness, I know not why,
Hath stayed the fiery soul of truth,
And life grows darker to the eye,
That reads it with the glance of youth.
It may be that this change is one
That sheds its blightings over all—
A spell that may not be undone,
A portion of our earthly fall!—
A shadow of earth's primal curse,
So kindred with our transient stay,
That morning's life would seem to us
Less bright than that of yesterday.
Lady! I do not offer up
The burning words of passion now,
My love would be a bitter cup
To one so young and blessed as thou;
And I have learned since last we met,
Too much of my own heart to tell
Of thoughts which haunt my spirit yet,
In visions which it loves too well!
I know not how it is—but when
My heart's affection twined around
Some blessed being who had been
The angel of the enchanted ground
Of dreaming romance,—I have seen
The land recede, the forms depart,
And selfish feelings glide between
The union of hand and heart.
So let it be—I cannot love
With those deep feelings which remain
The same when scorn and trifling prove
The temper of affection's chain;
The fires of hate are easy fanned,
When trusting love is met with scorn,
And hearts grow harder when the hand
Of proffered friendship is withdrawn.
I met thee when the Spring was twining
Her garlands upon Nature's brow,
And sun and moon and stars were shining
More beautifully far than now.
At least it seemed so, and the hours
Went by on Fancy's golden wing:
And streams danced lighter, and the flowers
Were gayer in their blossoming.
I knew that thou wert one to whom
The charms of earth were full of power—
Whose spirit revelled in the bloom
And beauty, of the blessed hours
Of Nature's spring-time; and I knew
That gift of mind was strangely high,
And that its light was flashing through
The darkness of thy glorious eye,
Like lightning thro' the cloud; I felt
That thou wert one to be beloved—
And bowed the knee which ne'er had knelt,
The heart before unmoved!
We parted when the Summer's sigh
Was dying upon Autumn's ear,
And coldest shadows swept the sky,
And flower and leaf were dim and sear.
One clasp of hand, one earnest word;
For kind remembrance—one deep sigh
From the heart's inmost temple heard—
One moment's glistening of the eye,
And all was over—months have passed,
Nay, years, and we have met no more—
That meeting was perchance our last
Of rapture on life's troubled shore.
Perhaps 'tis well it should be thus—
That kindred hearts should wildly sever,
And bliss, which love has promised us,
Be turned aside and lost forever.
It may be that the proud heart needeth
This chastening from affliction's rod,
And that the broken spirit heedeth,
More gratefully the voice of God;
That fixed to low and sensual things,
The soul, forgetful of its birth,
And robbed of its etherial wings,
Would half become a thing of earth;
That every blow misfortune gives,
But breaks some chain that binds us here,
And every shade the heart receives,
But makes the eye of faith more clear.
Perhaps, indeed, I should not hold
Dominion o'er one trusting heart,
For grief hath made my spirit cold,
And wrong hath steeled its milder part.
The world has not been kind to me,
And I have met with cold disdain,
The trusting few who sought to be
The sharers of my hours of pain.
For I have known the cold repulse
That wealth can proffer to the low,
And felt demoniac hate convulse
Each muscle of my burning brow;—
And clenched the trembling lip and hand,
At wrongs the humble heart must bear
While vengeance, like a burning brand,
Was lighting up strange passion there.
Oh! men may wrestle at the stake,
With the dread summoner of all,
And thro' war's serried legions break,
As engines through a leaguered wall;
There's dignity in battling thus!
But who can bear the heartless sneer,
When poverty becomes a curse,
And industry calls forth a jeer,
And sacred words are made the mirth
And by-word of the baser kind,
And soulless wretches—dregs of earth,
Tread out the holy light of mind.
Lady, farewell! I know thy heart,
Its angel strength to raise above
The cold reserve, the studied art,
That mock the glowing wing of love.
Its thought are purer than the pearl
That slumbers where the wave is driven,
Yet freer than the winds that furl
The banners of the clouded Heaven.
And thou hast been the brightest star
That shone along my weary way,
Brighter than rainbow visions are,
A changeless and enduring ray.
Nor will my memory lightly fade
From thy pure dreams, high-thoughted girl;
The ocean may forget what made
Its blue expanse of waters curl,
When the strong winds have passed,—the sky
In its rich sunshine may forget
The recent clouds that floated by—
The glories of its last sunset;
But not from thy unchanging mind,
Shall fade the dreams of other years,
And love shall linger far behind,
In memory's resting place of tears!

☞ Michigan is said to be one of the first fruit-growing States in the Union.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 21, 9, 1, 21, 11, 18, 17, is one of the United States.
My 12, 11, 8, 21, 5, 21, is a county in South Carolina.
My 1, 11, 20, is a river in Sweden.
My 7, 8, 6, 20, 21, 14, is a town in Prussia.
My 12, 14, 6, 17, 12, 8, 3, is a river in Missouri.
My 20, 21, 12, 8, 6, 21, 3, 19, is a town in Ireland.
My 3, 9, 18, 4, 6, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 3, 21, 20, 20, 11, is a river in Florida.
My 13, 11, 22, 18, 8, is one of the United States.
My 7, 8, 6, 11, 4, is a town in Turkey.
My 7, 11, 9, 10, 2, 6, is a town in Maine.
My 12, 8, 1, 22, 14, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 6, 11, 9, 19, 20, 13, 9, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 20, 10, 21, 9, is a town in Scotland.
My 8, 20, 7, 8, is a river in Germany.
My 2, 9, 4, 17, 6, 21, 2, is a lake in New York State.
My whole was a celebrated man. J. K. S.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The crew of a ship consisted of her complement of sailors, and a number of soldiers. Now there were 22 men to every 3 guns, and 10 over. Also the whole number of hands was 5 times the number of soldiers and guns together. But after an engagement in which the slain were ¼ of the survivors, there wanted 5 to be 13 men to every 2 guns. Required to find the number of guns, soldiers and sailors. B. F. B.

RIDDLE.

First, you're to learn, I am a living creature,
But yet, observe, I don't possess one feature;
I'm black, I'm white, I'm yellow, red and brown;
Sometimes I'm very small, sometimes well grown;
Slender and delicate I oft appear,
And frequently a coarse plump figure wear;
In rags am seen, and such a dirty plight,
All own I am not fit to come in sight;
Yet oft in gold and silver I appear,
Adorn'd with braids of lovely color'd hair,
And pearls and gems of richest lustre wear.
Now that my shape, complexion, dress, are told,
My different qualities I'll next unfold.
Vice, Folly, Vanity, from me proceed,
And I perform each prudent, virtuous deed;
In acts of sweet humanity employ'd,
Yet through my means is innocence destroy'd;
The greatest earthly blessings I bestow,
And I create unutterable woe.

RIDDLE.

Good folks, I pray, my name declare,
For surely without me
You neither would be tall nor fair,
Nor could you clearly see.

Graceful you never would be deem'd,
Nor amiable, nor smart;
And tho' you might be much esteem'd,
You'd never gain a heart.

To cards and dancing I'm a friend,
At balls I'm often one;
And though on vice I ne'er attend,
Virtue I always shun.

CONUNDRUMS.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

What was the name of that great commander, who, although he was killed in an engagement, yet came home in good spirits at last?

Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcomed by all parties.

Who was the greatest man that England ever produced?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

RIDDLES.
CLOCK.
ROSE.
PEACOCK.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
4 OXEN, 2 COWS, 2 CALVES 92 SHEEP.

CONUNDRUMS.
THAT WHICH IS NOT EATEN.
TO DIE.
HE CANNOT RETAIL IT.
IT CONTAINS KNAVES.

Grammatical.

ERRATA AMERICANA.

NUMBER ONE.

FROM THE NEWARK DAILY ADVERTISER.

I suppose it is an indisputable fact, that the English language is spoken with greater propriety by the *mass* of the people in the United States than in the mother country. But it must be confessed, that among those who claim to belong to the educated class of society, numerous blunders and even *vulgarisms* are current, which afford just matter of sport and ridicule to those who wish to preserve the purity of our mother tongue. Some of these have become so familiar, both to the ear and to the eye, that it is to be apprehended some future lexicographer will try to sanction them as legitimate English, for the sake of shielding the literary reputation of his countrymen. (What has already been done may be done again.)

The most notable and frequent mistakes probably occur in the use of the following verbs:

Pres. Pret. P. Part.
Lie lay lain; (lien; old English.) Verb neuter, *to rest in a horizontal position.*
Lay laid laid. Verb active—*to put or place a thing horizontally.*

The misuse of these two words is a matter of daily occurrence. Although perfectly distinct in their import, the one is often used for the other. And the more care is necessary from the fact, that the Preterite tense of the former is identical, in *form*, with the Present of the latter.

Not only do these mistakes occur in colloquial discourse, but they are of daily occurrence in our public journals. The following examples will serve as specimens:

"The ship arrived on Saturday and now *lays* at pier No. 1," &c.

"He was *laying* on the bed," &c.

"The steward then went and *laid* down upon the deck," &c.

It may be said, by way of excuse, that such mistakes are the blunders of ignorant informers (and it might be added, ignorant *reporters*,) but this will not exonerate an editor for corrupting our language, nor does this prevent the evil influence of such mistakes upon our children and other readers. Next to correct morals, an editor is under obligations to maintain a correct use of the English language.

But this evil is not confined to newspapers. Such examples as the following, are becoming common, in books, written by reputable authors.

"The *mate* of a British vessel, called the Hector, then *laying* at Boston," &c.

"For many weeks did Reuben *lay* upon his back," &c.

These examples were taken from two books, which happen to be lying before me. With a little examination, they might be multiplied to almost any extent. But I will only add a few extracts, from a single small work of one of the first belles-lettres scholars of our country, who has often been styled the American Addison.

"As the Steer tribe meant to lay in wait and attack them," etc.

"As they were preparing for the third time, to lay down to sleep," etc.

"And their route would *lay* over immense prairies," etc.

It is hardly possible, that these gross blunders may be chargeable to "the stupid printer," who is often made the scape goat for the sins of an author; but, it must be confessed, that the repeated occurrence of the same expression looks very much as if "the printer had *followed* copy."

When such absolute vulgarisms receive the sanction of such high authority, the most fearful apprehensions may be entertained for the purity of the English language.

The following anecdote may be useful in aiding those who are delinquent, to reform their bad habits.

"An English barrister once remarked to a judge on the bench, who prided himself on correcting the grammatical blunders of the bar; 'May it please your honor, I think that action will not *lay*.' The judge quickly replied, 'Mr. Barrister, you should have said, *lie*; not *lay*—HENS *lay*.' In the progress of the same cause, the judge made a mistake in point of fact, which being pointed out, he very courteously acknowledged, by saying, 'It is so—I *set* corrected.' The barrister instantly retorted, 'May it please your honor, you should have said, *sit*; not *set*—HENS *set*.'"

More anon. QUILIBET.

NUMBER TWO.

The anecdote with which I concluded my last communication, undoubtedly furnished an illustration of the right use of *lay* and *lie*. But it is very questionable whether the barrister was as fortunate in his hit as the judge. In order to ascertain this point, let attention be directed to the following words:

Pres. Pret. P. Part.
Sit sat sat. (Sitten, old English, obsolete) Verb neuter; *to occupy a seat.*
Set set set. Verb active; *to place, fix or establish in an erect position.*
Set set set. (Intransitive,) *to go down, or sink beneath the horizon, as the sun, &c.*

Now it is easy to see that it would be correct to say, "the old woman has *set* her hen." That is, "has placed her hen in a state of incubation:" but it is more than questionable whether it would be proper to say, as the barrister did, "the hen *sets*," or, is *setting*. The English version of the Scriptures, which is admitted by competent judges to be the best specimen, of equal bulk, of correct English, shows this to be incorrect.

DEUT. XXII. 6. "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee—and the dam *sitting* upon the young or upon the eggs," &c.

JER. XVII. 11. "As the partridge *sitteth* on eggs and hatcheth them not," &c.

These examples are conclusive in proving that "hens *sit*" but do not *set*. And yet no doubt the rearers of poultry all over the country, will tell you that their hens are *setting*, even though the Bible decides against them.

But if we should admit that hens may *set*, the following expressions, which are of frequent occurrence, cannot be justified.

"He was *setting* on the bench," &c.

"If you should *set* there all day," &c.

"Had he *set* a little longer," &c.

And to balance the account, (if two *errors*, in any case, can make an equilibrium,) we sometimes hear it said, "the sun *sat* last night under a cloud." This is obviously incorrect. The intransitive verb "*to set*" (which is unvaried in all its parts,) is the proper one to be used in this case: Mark I. 32. "And at even as the sun did *set*, they brought," &c. Luke IV. 40. "Now when the sun was *setting*," &c.

Next to these verbs, the following is perhaps most frequently misused:

Go—WENT—GONE. Verb intransitive.

The common error in the use of this word consists in applying the preterite tense, instead of the perfect participle, to the formation of the compound tenses. And this egregious error will be found to be more common than is generally imagined, at least, in colloquial discourse, even with some who claim to be educated men. The attentive observer will often meet with such expressions as the following:

"I should have *went* earlier, if I had known he was to leave so soon."

"If he had *went* the day before," &c.

"Had I *went* an hour sooner," &c.

When these expressions come to be written, they are so obviously incorrect that many are ready to say, they must be seldom used. And yet the fact may be, that they have become so familiar to the ear, that they are rarely noticed. I once called the attention of a classical teacher to the misuse of this word, when he remarked, that he thought I was under a mistake, and for his part, he never recollected to have heard any such expressions as the above. Before we separated, having occasion to inquire whether he had called on a particular friend, who was then in the place, he replied, "I have not; I intended to have *went* last evening, but was prevented by company."

I will only add that I have recently heard this identical expression from a gentleman of liberal education, and one who lays no small claims to scholarship. So insensibly do we fall into bad habits from bad examples. QUILIBET.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

EGG RUSK.—Melt four ounces of butter in a pint of warm milk; beat seven eggs until you can take them up by spoonfuls; and, with these, three ounces of sugar, a gill of yeast, and as much flour as may be necessary, make a batter; cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light (which it will be in two or three hours), add to it as much more flour as may be necessary to make a dough just stiff enough to mould in well floured hands. Make it in small cakes; lay them close together in a buttered basin; bake in a quick oven. When nearly done, wet the tops over with milk made sweet with sugar and return them to the oven to finish baking.

ALMOND CAKE.—Weigh three eggs in their shells; take the same weight of flour, fresh butter and fine white sugar; take the skins from three ounces of almonds, and pound them in a mortar, with a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, until they are a smooth paste; add to them the three eggs and gradually the other ingredients. Beat it well. Butter a basin; put the cake mixture in, an inch and a half deep, and bake in a quick oven.

RUBINA JELLY.—This is very much used in Russia, being constantly eaten with roasted hare, grouse, and other game; to prepare it the berries of the mountain ash or roan tree, ripe and cleanly picked, are put in a pot of boiling water till the juice parts from them, when it is strained through a fine sieve, but the berries must not be pressed. Weigh the juice; add to it an equal weight of loaf sugar, and boil it to a jelly.

RECIPE FOR PRESERVING TOMATOES.—The following is an easy and safe mode of preserving tomatoes, to be used during the winter. Take the tomatoes and cut them open, and dry them in the oven, either upon the bottom of the oven or in pans; and when perfectly *dried* pack them away in some *dry* place, till wanted for use.

SODA CAKES.—Dissolve half a pound of sugar and a teaspoonful of soda, in a pint of milk, and put it, with half a pound of melted butter, on two pounds of flour. Knead it well together, until light; butter shallow pans; nearly fill them, and bake in a quick oven.

SAVOY BISCUIT.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, and the yolks with rather more than half a pound of sugar; then add half a pound of flour, and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; butter small tin pans; nearly fill them, and bake in a quick oven.

The Instructor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

What are Irish wakes?

An Irish wake has been best described by the graphic pen of Miss Edgeworth; "At night the body is waked; that is to say, all the friends and neighbors of the deceased collect in a barn or stable, where the corpse is laid upon some boards, or an unhinged door, supported upon stools, the face exposed, the rest of the body covered with a white sheet. Round the body are stuck, in brass candlesticks, which have been borrowed perhaps at five miles distance, as many candles as the poor person can beg or borrow, observing always to have an *odd* number. Pipes and tobacco are first distributed, and then, according to the ability of the deceased, cakes and ale, and sometimes whiskey, are *dealt* to the company. After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of an universal dram," a very lively scene ensues. Indeed, Miss Edgeworth tells us "it is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings," which reminds one of Swift's note of the merriest faces being often seen in mourning coaches. Wakes among the Irish poor are by no means uncommon in London, where they soon pass from grave to gay. The candles are of the finest description, called moulds, and they have similar enlightenments at Easter, Christmas, &c.

Why were the cats of the house in old times locked up, as soon as any person died therein?

Because they might be kept from making any depredations upon the corpse, which it is known they would do, if not prevented.—*Ellis's Notes to Brand.*

All the looking-glasses were likewise locked up on this occasion. This was also common in France, and is thus explained by a French antiquary: "The individual has disappeared; he is carried to the bosom of the great family; he will not appear again on earth. Thus his portrait, the glasses which represent daily his mortal remains, become useless, when the soul which animated them is no longer among us. For the same reason that the glasses are veiled, many persons, particularly the Jews, empty all the *water* from the vessels in the house; and the country people in France assign as a motive for doing so, that they are afraid the soul, in departing *from* the body, will be drowned while washing itself in the water! The pendulums of clocks are also taken off, or stopped, because the last hour has sounded, time no longer exists for him who has been struck by the hand of death; he enters into eternity, and for him the hours cease to be marked!"

Why did the heathens follow the corpse to the grave?

Because it presented to them what would shortly follow, how they themselves should be so carried out, to be deposited in the ground. Christians observe the custom for the very same reason; and, as this form of procession is an emblem of our dying shortly after our friend, so the carrying of ivy in our hands, sprigs of laurel, rosemary, or other evergreens, is an emblem of the soul's immortality.

Why is a burial also called a funeral?

Because of its origin from *Funus*, (Lat.) from *funs accensi*, or *funalia, funales cerei, cerei funes, vel candelae*, torches, candles, or tapers, originally made of small ropes or cords,) *funes vel funiculi*) covered with wax or tallow. We quote these roots to show, that all funerals among the Latins or Romans used to be performed by torchlight.

Fun and Frolic.

TRYING HIM.—A universal genius, who had tried his hand at dentistry, animal magnetism, etc., without success, turned schoolmaster, and went out West, where he supposed the people were as "green as grass." He had, however, to undergo an examination, and as his examiners were farmers, whom he conceived in his ignorance to be clodhoppers,—although several of them, from the Eastern States, had graduated at college—he fancied there would be no difficulty. The first question put to him was

"In what era did Napoleon Bonaparte live?"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his ear, "I don't understand. How is that?"

"In what epoch did France's great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, live?"

"Well," he replied, "I guess you've got me there."

"Was it," said the second of his examiners, (fancying that his memory for dates might be defective) "before or after the time of our Saviour?"

"Before or after who?" replied the man ready for all trades—fit for none.

"Before or after the time of Jesus Christ?"

"Well, I declare, stranger, you've got me again." The examination was ended.

CAUSE OF HARD TIMES—*A Conclusive Argument.*—"I says, Sam Jonsing," said Pete Gumbo to Sam, last evening,—"don't you tink dese here times am harder dan dem use to was?"

"Dat dey is, Pete Gumbe," said Sam. "An affec you, too, don't dey?"

"Werry severely. Don't dey sarb you in de same ridentical manner?"

"Well dey does. What you s'pose de cause ob dem?"

"What cause 'em? Why, I'se been spectin de matter all ober for de pass year, and I'se come to de conclusion dat money is more scarcer dan it used to was."

PRETTY GOOD.—*Ignorance of the Law.*—A Boston paper says that Madam Adolph, the celebrated fortune teller, and her husband, were recently brought before the police court in Cambridge for immoderate driving. They plead ignorance of the law in extenuation of their offence; but the Judge replied that parties who had the power to tell all that was *past*, as well as all that is *to come*, could not of course be ignorant of *the present*, and fined them $10 and costs.

GOOD FOR HIM.—At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half-past three o'clock, exclaimed, "Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our *second table* folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

FOPPERY.—A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions; "they are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous."

"I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy, "I laugh at those who think me ridiculous."

"Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

YALE COLLEGE PROBLEMS.—The students have propounded the following question for the benefit of debating societies:

"Two men unable to travel set out on a journey accompanied by a third in the same condition. For three hours, the first two kept ahead of each other, when a violent storm arising, all three lost their way. Which got to the end of his journey first?

ACCOMMODATING.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said, "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending a sarcasm, the man replied, "I am very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

THE RULING PASSION.—The New Yorker tells an anecdote of a famous punster:

"He was expiring in the presence of his doctor; a servant entered and called the physician out, saying in a low voice, 'a man has fallen down the well.' He, overhearing the appalling information, inquired with a scarcely audible whisper, 'I say, doctor, did he kick the bucket?'"

☞ "Sambo," said a southern gentleman to his black servant, "I want you to clear up the things in the garret to-day, and scrub it out."

"Can't do it, massa, no how," said Sambo.

"Can't do it!" said the gentleman; "why can't you do it?"

"Caze, massa, I'se 'posed to *high duties*."

A POSER.—One day last week a man living at Carlton, was indignantly complaining that his knife had been stolen, till at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him:—"Hold your tongue, old boy, I found your knife amongst my cabbages; how came it there?" The fellow was struck dumb.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An absent-minded gentleman on the Common, yesterday, while killing time by throwing a stick into the Frog Pond for his dog to jump in for, and fetch out, inadvertently plunged in himself, and came swimming to the shore with the stick between his teeth, to the great amusement of the spectators.—*Boston Bee.*

THE BEST YET.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back. There, now." Poor Smith sneaked.

WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO THE FROG IN HER TEA-KETTLE.—Water is your element, and I will not take you out of it, but I will put my tea-kettle upon the fire, and make your situation very uncomfortable."

☞ I am going to write a work on POPULAR IGNORANCE," said young D—— to Dr. F——, the other day.

"I know no one more competent," said the doctor.

MONOMANIA.—"Tom, wot's monimany?" "Wy, you see, Dick, wen a poor feller steals, it's called larceny—but wen it's a rich 'un, the jury says it's 'monimany,' and he can't 'elp it; that's it!"

☞ A traveller, in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood near him what the boat was called—upon which the latter replied:—"I think, sir, it is called the *Regulator*, for I perceive all other steamboats *go by it*!"

☞ A deceased Irish Judge is reported to have said, when addressing a prisoner convicted of murder: "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will be a warning to you."

The Olio.

ARMY SONG.

The following lines were written on approaching Aransas Bay, Texas, on board the "Kalamazoo," by A. T. Lee, 8th infantry.

Air—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

Light on the wave—the moon shines bright,
Pass the bowl, fling sorrow away, my boys!
The breeze is fair, we shall rock to-night
On the waves of Aransas Bay, my boys!

We have slept in the calm—we have laughed in the gale—
We have sung by the moon's pale light, my boys!
But the morning's dawn, should the breeze not fail,
We'll bid them all good night, my boys!

Light hearts we bring to this stranger land,
Though a shadow hath hung o'er them late, my boys!
And we drain our cups with a steady hand,
And a smile for whate'er be our fate, my boys!

We will some of us sleep 'neath the prairie sod,
We will some go back, o'er the sea, my boys!
But the hearts that are true to their country and God
Will all meet at the last reveille, my boys!

Then pass round the bowl—the moon shines bright,
Our wild campaign we've begun, my boys!
We bid to the sea a glad good night!
And to-morrow we'll fight if we can, my boys!

A BED OF SALERATUS.—Oregon emigrants write that on their journey to that "delicious country where oysters grow on trees, salmon swim about in streams and rivers ready stuffed and baked, and people never die, but dry up of old age," they came to a bed of saleratus in the *mountains*, of hundreds of acres in extent. It is said that one of the emigrants, on casting his eyes over this broad deposite exclaimed:—"If there was a river of molasses here a hill of ginger, a mountain of flour, and a volcano for an oven, what a world of gingerbread could be made!"

THE SUN'S BREAKING OUT.—There was quite a little pimple broke out this season on the face of the sun. The spot, however, was but seven thousand miles in diameter, and soon passed off. It was a mere trifle, occupying with its fellow-eruptions only five times the size of the number of square miles on the surface of the globe, as near as we can "calculate."

HE IS TOO HASTY.—No matter. We had rather see a man with some nerve, who occasionally runs against a post and tumbles over a bank, than one dampish as a sculpin and as lazy as a pastor settled for life. The hasty man may sometimes miss it—but he always does something worth talking about. The lazy man never does.—*Portland Tribune.*

SOMETHING MORE THAN BEAUTY.

Beautiful? No, she is not that; although
There's something more than beauty, an expression
Of intellectual grandeur on her brow,
And her full oval eye gives utterance
To feelings deep for which the tongue of man
Hath never yet found fitting words; her mouth
Which scorn can curl with bitterness, also can
Smile with such sweetness as the sun-fed soul
Kindles on young iceresses; round her neck
Her long and thickly clustering ringlets rove
Like tendrils which some faultless statue deck.
Her form is faultless. Such is she I love.
Lovely, although not beautiful, is she;
Ay, loveliest to mine eyes—for she loves me.

PROSPECTIVE CHARITY.—An inhabitant of Helmanstadt has placed in the Savings Bank a sum of one hundred florins, and when the accumulated interest and principal shall have produced twelve millions of florins, (which will happen in three hundred years) it is to be appropriated to various charitable purposes. What a donkey!

☞ In some of the towns in Germany, the itinerant venders of female finery have started a new and irresistible method of attracting customers. They announce that a magnificent shawl will daily be presented to the handsomest woman who may grace their sale rooms with her presence.

☞ "What an extraordinary likeness Lawrence has painted of Croker!" said one of his oldest friends; "he has given the very *quiver* of his lip."

"Yes!" replied Sir Robert Peel, "but who shall give the arrow?"

Agricultural.

COWS.

Although we have been favored with the luxuries emanating from the cow ever since the flood, we are still very ignorant of her value, and of the proper mode of managing her in sickness and in health. We were taught to believe that it was necessary, indeed improper in all cases, to milk a cow before she had her first calf; and if I am not mistaken this belief prevails universally at the present day.

Our attention was recently called to a favorite Durham heifer, whose udder was considerably inflamed and distended, nearly three months before her time of calving, and gradually increased for two months, until the size was so enormous and the inflammation so great, that we were apprehensive matter would form in the udder. To prevent this, we ordered her udder to be well bathed, morning, noon, and night, with water as warm as it could be applied without scalding. By this mode of treatment, the udder was relaxed, but gradually increased in size, until we were satisfied that she could not be relieved until she was milked. The first effort brought off several pints of thick serous or watery matter; the second day the discharge was a mixture of water and milk, and on the third day we had the pleasure of measuring seventeen pints of milk, and from this time forward until she calved—which was about one month from the first time of milking—she yielded from sixteen to eighteen quarts of fine rich milk every day. The calf found the udder in fine condition for sucking, the teats all soft and the milk flowed upon the slightest compression of his lips. In this way we preserved the udder of one of the finest cows we ever milked, and we feel very confident that if we had left nature to herself, the udder would have been spoiled.—*Cor. Tenn. Agricult.*

COVERING TO THE GROUND USEFUL.—In all the essays I have seen on the application of manure, no account has been made of the advantage the soil receives from a covering. I have noticed that a spot covered by a board, a pile of rails, a heap of stones, or no matter what, on removing the encumbrance which has occupied the ground for two or three months, and cultivating it, it is found much better than the adjoining land. Observe a forest tree standing in a field—if of tolerable size and thrifty, it will impoverish a large area around it, yet the same kind of trees will grow close together and vigorously, in the forest, where their leaves form a close covering to the ground, and at the same time the soil will be improved. Acting on these suggestions, I have for some years put my manure on clover in the spring, which I designed to turn under for wheat in the fall, giving the land the benefit of the covering of both the manure and the clover during the summer; and I think a given quantity of manure does more good to my land in this way than in any other that I have applied it. I state these things that the attention of scientific men may be turned to this question. Does not a covering act so as to prevent the escape of ammonia and other substances beneficial to the soil?—*Cor. Far. Cabinet.*

EXPORT OF BREAD STUFFS.—It is altogether unexampled that such immense shipments of bread stuffs should have been made from this country during the last six months and yet the price be so slightly affected at home. We know not how to account for it, except by the confidence which the dealers and growers have in the capacity of the country to increase its supply from the next crops. From New York alone, during the last six months, there have been exported for foreign countries,

Bbls. Flour,	460,101
Bush. Wheat,	389,473
Bush Corn,	544,611
Bush. Rye,	175,149
Bush. Barley,	59,424
Tierces of Rice,	17,9[illegible]

Besides this, great quantities have been shipped from New Orleans, Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia—and even from Boston 850,000 bbls. of flour have been shipped.—*Newburyport Herald.*